THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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To Britain—Enough and in Time

The losses that Britain has lately been suffering through severe air raids on munitions centers are unknown, but it will not do to be lulled into security by news reports that damage to factories is small. If the German air arm can put out of production no more, say, than five percent of plane production per month, she can destroy half of it in ten months. We ought to be alert, too, to the danger to shipping from raiders and war planes. Nine-tenths of a single convoy may escape through the heroic action of a Jervis Bay, but while raiders are at large and bombers over the Atlantic, cumulative merchant losses may soon become serious.

Why does the administration delay to hand over more over-age destroyers? And why do we grant Britain only 50 percent of our new military aircraft? Wars are not decided by rules of thumb. The President's percentage may be useful as a stop-gap, but our aid to Britain ought to be determined, not by a guess, but by what she needs. Now is the time to make sure that our first line is not broken. If we can do that, we shall never have to defend the second line at all.

The Battle of Reserves

The campaign in Britain and the campaign in Greece are merely parts of the same war, which is governed by a strategy that takes into consideration far more than the specific objectives aimed at. Hitler, after fruitlessly concentrating his air bombing on London for weeks, now is attempting to destroy munitions-manufacturing centers like Coventry or Birmingham, or ports like Southampton, by intensive night raids. Likewise he is straining every nerve to harass Britain's sea trade by breaking up convoys. To attain such objectives would be significant victories, but the grand strategic plan is probably to force Britain to throw in all her reserves of fighter planes, thus giving Germany a chance quickly to attain command of the air and win the war.

Similarly, while the campaign in Greece is aimed at specific military objectives, both sides are using it to draw in more of the other's reserves than he can afford. Mussolini would of course like to dominate Greece, and both Axis partners have their eyes on the oil of Irak and Iran. But in the meantime they hope that Britain, in the effort to stop them, will draw away ships and planes that she needs at home. The Greeks, by upsetting Italian plans, have tempted Italy into incautious use of her limited reserves of oil.

This may be the real reason for Hitler's hesitation in coming to Mussolini's aid, in pushing through Bulgaria and attacking Turkey. His intention was to gain the surrender of the Near East by a mere show of force. So far, however, the Soviet Union has failed to bring Bulgaria into the Axis or restrain Turkey's determination to fight if attacked. A full-fledged war in this sector would set up another front and divert German resources from the main show. Hitler never likes to take on more than one active enemy at a time.

Axis Becomes Exclusive

With great ceremony, the Axis has inducted as junior partners Slovakia, Hungary and Rumania. This diplomatic move seemed to outside observers a waste

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of precious energy unless it was intended as the preface to something more ambitious. For these three states have long since been "coördinated" into the "new Europa." It was generally assumed that Hitler intended to create an impression by extending his influence over a whole series of new satellites, including possibly Spain, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. But now it is announced that the club is closed for the time being. Apparently the success of the Greeks and the aloofness of the Soviet Union have restrained Bulgaria, stiffened Turkey and led other reluctant victims of Hitler's wooing to wait and see.

The Nazis in the USA

The Dies Committee has now made public its much heralded report on German activities in the United States. The material it contains is certainly serious, but little of it is new or startling. The New York newspaper PM says that everything in the Dies report was either obtained by its reporters or resulted from clues furnished by them to the committee.

The report shows a vast espionage and propaganda network in the United States in which German diplomatic and consular agents work closely with supposedly private German business men, news agencies, etc. The money comes from the German government and has been distributed in large amounts. Mentioned particularly are the Transocean News Service, the German Railways Tourist Service, the Board of Trade for German-American Commerce, Inc., the German Library of Information and the American Fellowship Forum. The report says that German agents here have tried to embroil the United States with Japan, hoping this would lessen American activity in Europe. They also financed a "native" fascist movement in Canada. They have worked, as Mr. Barth shows in his article in this issue of The New Republic, to help German trade in South America and injure American exports.

The Dies Committee has run afoul of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Attorney General Jackson complains that the committee is duplicating and interfering with the work of the FBI; Mr. Dies has issued an angry retort. Possibly the friction between these two arms of the government will put both of them on their mettle. For our part, we only wish the Dies Committee had done a better job and done it sooner. It has spent most of its time and money for several years worrying about the Communists, although the Fascists and Nazis are much more dangerous to this country.

It is clear that we shall have to think seriously about breaking diplomatic relations with Germany. Her accredited representatives here are doing everything they can to injure this country, to embroil us in war in the Pacific and to hamper our preparedness effort. It will be a pity if our diplomats have to be called home from Germany; they form an invaluable listening post. It is possible, however, to pay too high a price for their information, which in any case is being curtailed as Hitler orders them out of the occupied territories. Sending home the Nazi diplomats over here would not stop Hitler's activities; but it would embarrass him greatly and would give our government a far better leverage against spies who now work protected by diplomatic immunity.

Mr. Jackson Makes a Mistake

Attorney General Jackson blundered badly, in our opinion, when he let himself be quoted in the newspapers as saying of the strikers at the Vultee airplane plant merely that they are Communists. Whether the whole 2,500 workers, who voted for the strike fifty to one, are Communists or not, we do not know. Representatives of the National Defense Advisory Commission apparently did not find this to be true; some of the strike leaders have denied it. But even if it were true, it is not the whole story. The strikers were negotiating over several matters, including wages. The plant minimum is 50 cents an hour—$20 a week, or $1,040 a year; the strikers asked 75 cents, but were prepared to accept a compromise of 62½, and so was the company. The management, however, wanted an agreement not to strike for two years, which the workers naturally resisted. If the Vultee management had been in business a little longer, or had studied the history of labor relations, they would know that agreements not to strike for long periods have never worked, at least without agreement for periodic revision of the contract and provisions for mediation and arbitration.

In short, this strike in all its essentials was like any other. But Attorney General Jackson's statement as printed in the press could only serve to rob the strikers of all possible standing in the eyes of the public. Its plain inference was that the strikers had no grievance, that the strike was Communist-Nazi sabotage and that the men must be forced back to work. This policy of forbidding strikes was tried in 1917-18; it proved a disastrous failure and had to be abandoned in favor of a realistic effort to find out what legitimate grievances the workers had and what to do about them. When Mr. Jackson has had a somewhat longer experience with labor disputes, we are sure he will regret the policy indicated by his Vultee statement.

Short Story

At one of our prominent Eastern seats of learning, the students have a pretty custom during the football season. When some outstanding celebrity attends a game, the cheer leaders are notified, and between halves they ask the cheering section for an appropriate vocal outburst on his behalf. Shortly before the election, Mayor LaGuardia came to the college town to make a speech for Roosevelt, and also to attend a football game. The students who had helped sponsor his

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visit notified the powers that be and suggested that the customary courtesy might be shown him. But the powers firmly said No. They explained that the tradition had been abolished. Some time ago, former President Herbert Hoover had been at this college, had been given the usual cheer, and unhappily, a certain amount of booing had been heard simultaneously. Therefore LaGuardia's presence must pass unnoticed. It did—or as much unnoticed as is possible when a human volcano makes a public appearance.

P. S. A little later in the season Mr. Hoover turned up again at the same college for a game. He was given the old traditional long cheer between halves.

P. P. S. The college is Yale.

Press, Government and People

The publishers of the country's big conservative newspapers do a lot of public wailing about the cruel injustices that the Roosevelt administration has foisted upon them; but it is different when the working journalists who actually get out these papers come together and let down their back hair. A couple of current myths were punctured at a recent meeting of managing editors of papers which are members of the Associated Press. Brian Bell, chief of the Associated Press Washington Bureau, who ought to know, is quoted in Editor and Publisher as saying flatly that the government is contemplating no censorship of the press, of any kind. We hope Mark Sullivan is blushing; he should be.

Tom Wallace, editor of The Louisville Times, attacked the theory that applying the wages-and-hours law to newspapers is a threat to freedom of the press, as some publishers and their friends have lately tried to say. "Freedom of the press," he remarked, "means freedom of expression and not freedom to run a sweatshop." This time it is the turn of Dean Carl Ackerman of the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia University to blush; he endorsed the theory only the other day.

This may be a good place to mention the vigorous recent debate about the influence of newspapers as displayed in the late election, when Mr. Roosevelt had something like 23 percent of the daily papers and 55 percent of the popular vote. Some editors, smarting under criticism, have talked as though their critics wanted them to agree with a majority of their readers even when they conscientiously feel that that majority is wrong. No sensible critic of the press, so far as we know, has ever suggested any such thing. The question remains, however, as to whose conscientious judgment in the newspaper office should predominate. We have heard of instances where important papers supported Willkie in the campaign although a majority of their editors favored Roosevelt. When a publisher finds that he differs, not only with most of his readers but even most of his employees, he should certainly ask himself whether what he has interpreted as his conscience is not perhaps some special interest, such as his pocketbook, and whether his whole journalistic property is not endangered by this situation.

A Haven for Refugees

From the Virgin Islands comes a fine piece of news that is doubly welcome in these generally gloomy times. Acting under the Alien Registration Act, Governor Lawrence Cramer of the Islands has signed an order permitting European refugees to enter regardless of passport and visa regulations. They must of course meet the customary standards as to health and other matters, and their support must be guaranteed. They can stay in the Islands until they get permission to go to the United States mainland or to South America, for permanent residence.

What this will mean to thousands of harried refugees in Southern Europe, words cannot express. If they can get out of the war zone they will find a haven on the very doorstep of the country where they expect to make their homes. At the same time, this is an excellent stroke of business for the Virgin Islands. Their people will be kept busy building houses for the refugees and supplying them with goods and services. Tourist trade will be augmented as relatives come to visit the refugees. This plan is good business and good philanthropy. What more can one ask?

News from Oregon

Recently we commented on a rise in editorial stock, citing the election of Alfred M. Bingham, editor of Common Sense, to the Connecticut state senate, and the presence of Robert Morss Lovett, formerly of The New Republic, in the post of government secretary of the Virgin Islands.

Mr. Richard L. Neuberger, another New Republic contributor, has joined the boom. He is now representative-elect in the Oregon legislature from the fifth district and, at twenty-seven, will be the youngest member of the forty-first assembly. He won his seat in a close race for a district which includes the whole of Portland. He writes us that he has "a ton of forestry and conservation legislation to introduce."

A few more like him and we'll start our own pork-barrel.

News Notes of a Week

The Germans claimed a highly successful raid on the English city of Bristol. . . . Bristol is reported to be the chief harbor for American imports. . . . Lord Craigavon, virtual boss of Northern Ireland, died. . . . There were hopes of immediate relaxation of Anglo-Eire tension, along with rumors that Britain might now find it easier to arrange for the use of Irish naval bases. . . . Maupassant's "Boule de Suif," a play about the Franco-Prussian War, was banned in Dublin following protests from the French and German legations. . . .

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Admiral Nomura was selected as the next Japanese ambassador to Washington. He is considered friendly to the United States. . . . The Italians reported an important victory in the capture of a British air marshal, who was forced down over Sicily. . . . The Greek government asked American aid, especially in the matter of planes. . . . During a week of heavy bombings over Germany, the British claimed to have halved the output of the Krupp factories. . . . Tass, the Russian news agency, denied that Hungary's signing-up with the Axis had received Russian approval.

The President announced that aid to Britain had reached its peak for the present. . . . Twenty-six huge bombers, under construction for the United States, were turned over to Britain. . . . The army asked that all work cease on the making of civilian planes. . . . New York's first conscripts left for training.

The Labor Movement Moves

ORGANIZED LABOR in the United States confronts the most critical period of modern times in an excellent strategic position, but in a poor tactical one. Its basic strength lies in the fact that the defense program, with its demand for rapidly augmented production, increases the volume of employment and thus enhances labor's bargaining power. Unions almost always make gains during an upswing of business, and are in an even better position to do so when expansion is demanded by national safety.

At present a great intangible advantage is added to this merely economic power. The war against fascism is a war against the most bitter enemies both of democracy and of trade-unionism. The peoples opposed to fascism must give the democratic spirit of labor full play if they are to develop the morale requisite to victory. The British have already gone far in this direction, and this country also will be impelled to do so by the logic of events. Add to all this the fact that in the United States we now have an administration more friendly to labor than any within a generation, and that we have laws on the statute books safeguarding collective bargaining and minimum standards, providing insurance against unemployment and offering many other forms of social security.

The weakness of organized labor's tactical position lies in its disunity, the fact that in parts it has been a prey to racketeering or to suspect political forces, and to the unimaginative, contentious and narrow character of a section of its leadership. Labor is no more vulnerable on these counts than business or other social forces in the nation, but it has powerful enemies who can be counted upon to make the most of its faults. Such stains also look particularly black against the humanitarian background of its philosophy. The result has been a general though unjust popular impression that organized labor as a whole has abused its power and has unnecessarily injured not only employers but consumers and its own membership. No such large majority of voters would have registered their preference in the Gallup polls for more governmental regulation of unions (in contrast with only a minority for more regulation of business) unless many industrial workers themselves shared these grievances. Such a feeling may react to labor's rising power with an irresistible call for governmental policing or suppression —a step in the fascist direction.

It was against this background that the public watched with unusual interest the recent conventions of the CIO and the AFL. The CIO had been dominated by the powerful personality of John L. Lewis. Mr. Lewis had gained the enthusiastic support of millions of workers through the sudden success of the CIO organizing campaign, and had at the same time come to be looked upon as a sort of bushy black devil by the non-union section of the public.

Always a prima donna—before the days of the CIO he had become a virtual dictator in his own United Mine Workers—John Lewis is a stubborn fighter and is contemptuous of all opinion that will not follow his lead. In recent months he had become the symbol of unwillingness to heal the breach with the AFL, though a more conciliatory attitude on his part might have revealed that an even larger share of the blame rested with reactionary AFL officials. He had also, by his bitter and persistent hostility to the President, become the acknowledged leader not only of those sincere unionists who had been disaffected by the administration's failure in important instances to enforce its own labor laws, but of the Communist-influenced labor bodies which are playing international politics against aid to Britain and national defense. Mr. Lewis' final declaration for Mr. Willkie in the campaign, ignored by the rank and file of labor, threatened even to split his own section of the movement wide open.

For a while it was touch-and-go in the convention at Atlantic City. Mr. Lewis' dramatic fighting tactics and his personal prestige threatened to produce extremely damaging results. He packed the important committees with his own supporters. Though, in accordance with his promise, he resisted a vigorous draft-Lewis movement on the Left, his self-abnegation gave his words greater weight. He opposed the resolution to oust totalitarian influence from the organization, thus alienating public opinion and making it difficult for a moderate to succeed him. He widened the breach with the AFL by a scathing denunciation of "old lady Green," and invited the member unions which opposed his policy to give up the fight and go back to the AFL. It was not his fault that at the end the CIO was not frightened and exposed to the bitter suspicion of the rest of the nation.

Skillful handling of the convention crisis by Sidney

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Hillman and his associates, however, saved the day. Mr. Hillman declined to quarrel with Mr. Lewis and showed the utmost personal friendship for him. He rejected stoutly the suggestion that the Amalgamated and the Textile Workers leave the CIO. He was as firm for labor's rights and for preserving CIO gains in any negotiations with the AFL as anyone on the Left, and explained in detail his work on the Defense Commission. At the same time he emphasized labor's interest in aid to Britain and national defense, and labor's need for unity.

The result was the election as president of the able Philip Murray, a man who can at once command the support of Lewis and work harmoniously with Hillman. A resolution was passed condemning Nazi, Fascist and Communist influence, and in addition the convention unanimously declared its intention to defend the nation not only against foreign enemies but against "those forces within our nation who place the profits of their financial and industrial enterprises above the well-being of the millions of common people." Authorization was given to negotiate with the AFL. At the same time plans were laid for a vigorous organizing movement to complete the CIO drive, especially in the mass-production industries.

At the AFL convention similar progress was made, in spite of the palsied hands from the past that still hold the helm. The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, welcomed back from the CIO, pressed for strong discipline applied to racketeers, and a reversal of the unconstitutional procedure by which the Executive Council originally suspended the CIO unions. Apparently it made some progress in both directions, though not nearly enough. At the same time the convention was as unequivocal as the CIO on enforcement of the National Labor Relations Act and insistence on labor's full participation in the defense program.

The next hurdle that labor will have to jump is the strong movement in Congress to suppress strikes by compulsory arbitration and, on the plea of national defense, to reduce the unions' status. In spite of Mr. Green's assertion that labor should not strike during the crisis, our lawmakers will make a great mistake if they believe that either branch of the movement will surrender its rights or fail to fight for economic justice. The way to avoid trouble is to remove well founded grievances, rather than to apply dictatorial methods. The first essential is to see that employers—and especially great employers like Ford and Bethlehem Steel—cease defying the labor laws. The next is to instal democratic procedure throughout the whole defense machinery, with full participation for representatives of labor. There must be a firm resolution, too, to bring about full production, eliminate unemployment and demand no sacrifices of labor that are not demanded of labor's employers.

This done, it might be advisable to develop for the defense industries a mediation machinery similar to that which has operated so well on the railroads. The law creating this machinery safeguarded collective bargaining much as the National Labor Relations Act has sought to do in other industries. This section of the law has been scrupulously obeyed by the railroad employers, who now fully accept the unions' right to speak for their employees and make contracts. Added to that, however, is a complete system for mediating disputes, and a system of voluntary arbitration if mediation fails. Arbitration need not be accepted, and if it is not, strikes are permitted—but only after a cooling-off period and further chance to investigate the dispute. If both sides accept arbitration, however, they must abide by its decisions.

Labor itself has not too much time to remove its internal weaknesses. Unless the right wing promptly gets rid of its gangsters and the left wing of any Communist influence, and unless both wings show a determination to get together in their common interest, labor's enemies are likely to use the national emergency to the peril, not only of the workers, but of the nation itself and the cause of democracy throughout the world.

Money for England

WITHIN THE PAST WEEK or so, people have begun to raise the question of how Great Britain is to pay for the war materials she is buying in the United States. Although many Americans feel very virtuous about our aid to Great Britain, we have thus far presented her with nothing. For the war materials she is paying cash on the line, often at extremely high prices which involve handsome profits for the sellers. She cannot keep this up indefinitely; what shall be done when the money begins to run short?

Just what assets Great Britain had in the United States when the war began, it is hard to say exactly. The sum commonly mentioned is four billions or more, but this includes much direct ownership of property which cannot readily be turned into cash. Such an effort would do our internal economy great harm if it were made. British gold reserves a year ago were perhaps two billions, and dollar balances here (according to the Federal Reserve Board) six hundred millions more. British-owned American securities are estimated by the FRB at three-quarters of a billion dollars.

War supplies are now going forward to the British at the rate of roughly two and a half billion dollars a year, and all available British assets would pay for this for only about another twelve months. In fact, however, the rate at which materials are shipped is increasing and may be three billions or more in the next year.

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With what can Great Britain offset this staggering total? Her merchandise exports to the United States are insignificant—probably less than one hundred and fifty million dollars a year. She had an unfavorable trade balance with us even before the war began, and since then, this has grown much worse. She has some gold left of course in London, but not a great deal, and she has urgent need of it in other places. South Africa produces new gold each year worth about five hundred millions, which might be used if we could assume that Britain did not need part of it at least for purchases in other countries. There are some invisible items in her balance of trade—American goods sent in British ships and other services performed, but these have shrunk tremendously during the war. American tourist trade to Europe used to be worth half a billion a year, of which Britain got the lion's share; today it is worth almost exactly nothing.

It would be the sheerest folly for us to wait until the last moment to solve the question of how to pay for war exports to Britain. If there were any uncertainty even for a few months, it would have a disastrous effect. American opinion is moving with great rapidity, as anyone can tell by looking back three, six or nine months; but it has farther to go in regard to this problem than some others.

It would be another mistake to try to handle the problem in an equivocal fashion. There are some legal loopholes that could be employed without new legislation, such as using the Export-Import Bank or the RFC to make long-term loans to American manufacturers with British war orders. But this is too serious a matter to be solved by any politico-financial sleight-of-hand.

The proposal has been made that we should buy from Great Britain some of her possessions in this hemisphere, such as Newfoundland, Bermuda or the West Indian and South American colonies. Payment would be made in war materials and a high price set. But several questions must be asked. Do we want more territory under our flag? Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands have not proved of tremendous value to this country. What will the inhabitants of the British territories have to say about being handed over from one power to another? There is evidence that some of them, at least, would prefer to remain under British control. Suppose, after the war is over, that in certain cases they decided they wanted their freedom? Would we refuse to give it on the ground that we had invested some of our cash in purchasing these areas? How could we afford to be seen by the world professing democracy and yet holding against their will inhabitants of former British possessions?

If our choice lies between permitting the British to borrow in this country again as they did last time, and making them a straightforward gift of the money, it seems to us that the advantage is entirely with the second plan. The unpaid war debts are still fresh in the memory of everyone; all Americans now realize that, after a war, the debtors are not very eager to pay and that the creditors are equally reluctant to permit the debt to be settled in goods and services, the only two forms in which the transfer of such tremendous sums is possible. As a matter of fact, what we are now getting from England in exchange for war materials is doing the country very little good. If it is gold, it is simply added to the vast hoard in the ground at Fort Knox, a hoard of more than twenty billions. If it is British-owned American securities, on which we formerly paid interest to the British, it cuts off the market for our agricultural surpluses and other export products; it makes us more than ever a creditor nation when we are reluctant to play that role.

The people of this country believe even more than they did twenty-three years ago that the cause of democracy is at stake and that England is fighting our battle for us. They believe, as the public-opinion polls have overwhelmingly shown, that at any cost we must not permit Britain to go under. In that case, it is unthinkable that financial circumstances should be allowed to endanger the movement across the Atlantic of a huge and increasing quantity of war materials. Why should we not pay for at least a great part of this out of our own funds, and call it insurance against being obliged to fight Hitler in this hemisphere on extremely disadvantageous terms? If we devoted a billion a year to this purpose, Great Britain could probably find the funds for the rest. A billion a year is something like 10 percent of our present armament program. It is one and two-tenths percent of what our national income will rise to within the next few months. When you consider what we have to lose, an insurance payment of one and two-tenths percent of income seems not a bad bargain for us.

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Financing the Fifth Column

SENATOR BURTON K. WHEELER has at last been given the green light for an investigation of the influence of foreign-security holdings on our national defense. The importance of this subject is just beginning to be realized; it is underlined by the Dies Committee reports a few days ago showing how German business men, German consular and diplomatic agents and German spies are working hand in hand in this country to advance Hitler's interests. Senator Wheeler is handicapped, to be sure, by a lack of funds. Yet he need only take one good, hard look at German investments in this country to see how foreign-currency control is helping Hitler and hurting us.

Through licensing arrangements, cartel marketing agreements and majority stock ownership of certain American corporations, the Germans have managed to narrow a number of bottlenecks in the production of materials valuable for defense. Thurman Arnold showed recently how German patent control of Bausch and Lomb kept essential instruments from army and navy use. The TNEC long ago exposed the German stranglehold on beryllium and the German domination through which the price of carborundum oxide, indispensable in cutting dies and tools, was boosted from $35 to more than $400 a pound.

But these are merely the grosser symptoms of a far more dangerous clutch on the American economy. Direct German control of American business enterprises is not common, however serious its effects may be in special situations. What is of much greater significance is the fact that every dollar of investment over here owned by Germans contributes to the Nazi influence on American affairs. More insidious than the American business men who, out of self-interest or sympathy, abet the Nazi cause, is the unwitting, involuntary coöperation of the enterprises which provide the sustenance for that cause. Every dollar that Americans spend to purchase articles in which Germans have a proprietary interest, feeds the Nazi coffers.

This condition is made possible through a transparent fiction—the fiction that these German investments in the United States are the private property of German individuals.

They are nothing of the sort. They are public property—the property of the German Reich. The individual Germans who hold title to them have no more to do with the management of them than individual Americans have to do with the management of the United States navy. Like the navy, they are an instrument of national policy. And in the present state of German-American relations, the national policy under which they are managed is one which is unquestionably inimical to the welfare of the United States.

It is imperative that this fact be publicized. It is even more important that the ramifications and subterfuges by which it is accomplished be unraveled and exhibited. Above all, it is essential that a rational check on the policy be imposed by the United States government.

The transfer of the German property situated in foreign lands from private to public character developed in three steps and had its inception before Adolf Hitler assumed office. In the face of a difficult monetary situation in 1931, the German government sought to avert further dangers to the domestic economy by restricting the right of a German owner to dispose of property held abroad. The government itself was empowered to dispose of such property only to the extent that the monetary situation required.

In 1934, however, Germany announced the "New Plan," under which imports were supervised by the government. In this second phase of currency regulation, private property abroad could be employed by the government, not only for purely monetary purposes, but also for the payment of international obligations incurred in obtaining essential imports.

The third step was taken in 1937, in conjunction with the "Four Year Plan." This gave the German government exclusive power to determine what could be purchased abroad and required that every foreign security, claim, patent or license be registered with and assigned to the Reichsbank. This decree remains in force and forbids any German resident to dispose of property situated in a foreign country, save with the permission of the Reichsbank. When permission is granted, the proceeds must be delivered to the Reichsbank. The individual German security-holder receives for his dollar dividends only an arbitrarily fixed equivalent in Reichsmarks, valueless outside the Reich itself.

Title to property under such restrictions does not constitute ownership. It constitutes, at best, an extremely limited use-right. Legally, as well as factually, ownership is vested in the government which exercises the actual control. This is no more private property than a house leased from a landlord is the private property of its tenant; less so, for even the use-right may be taken away at the will of the true owner.

Now, there is a significant distinction between the interests which motivate private and public ownership in the handling of property. Private ownership is spurred primarily by the desire for economic gain. American business men have amply demonstrated this point just lately (if it requires any demonstration) by their insistence that the tax measures recently passed by Congress provide them with an economic co-efficient for patriotism. But profits are not the purpose of pub-

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lic ownership. It is spurred primarily by public—that is, political—interests.

Foreign trade has been utilized consistently by the Nazis for the sake of obtaining political, rather than economic, advantage. Indeed, the root of our fear of the German barter system lies in the knowledge that it will consciously dispose of products at a loss for the sake of capturing a market and imposing an economic, and consequently a political, dependence. In a totalitarian economy, foreign trade or foreign investments are merely instruments for furtherance of the foreign policy of the state.

When Fritz Wiedemann assumed the Consulate Generalship in San Francisco, he opened an account with a local bank, making an initial deposit, it is reported, of five million dollars. There are two legitimate questions which Americans may ask themselves about such a deposit: Where does the money come from? What use will a Consul General make of it?

It is apparent that German investments in American business enterprises (since the German government is able to marshal them at will) are the readiest, if not the sole possible, source of this nest egg. Germany is not exporting to the United States in sufficient quantity these days to pile up any dollar balances.

The second question can be answered only inferentially. In recent weeks there have been explosions in several American munitions plants. Propaganda efforts in behalf of the Nazi cause have become discernible even to the most casual observers. Official German diplomatic and consular missions have been swollen in size out of all proportion to their normal functions. State and Justice Department insiders confess candidly that the number of unofficial and undercover German agents now bustling round the United States is beyond their capacity to count. All these toilers in the vineyard must be financed with dollars.

It does not seem unwarranted to assume that their efforts are directed toward retarding American national defense. The German disposition to weaken this country's military power has been displayed plainly enough in the restraints imposed on American business organizations subject to German licenses or to majority German stock control. It is clear at least that the unfettered use of German funds in the United States makes it possible for the Nazis to finance propaganda, espionage and sabotage activities toward the same end.

German investments in American corporations make their influence felt in foreign trade, as well as on the domestic scene. One fairly common device will serve for illustration. Certain American chemical producers, operating under German licenses, have agreed to limit their distribution to the United States. Yet they export in bulk to a Central American subsidiary of the German outfit which controls them. This Central American company packages the products under German labels and sells them throughout South America at double the wholesale price paid to the American manufacturers. The device gives Germany a share in the earnings of the American producer, a 100-percent profit from the subsidiary below the border and, what is more important, a continuing hold on the Latin American market. American producers thus coöperate to further the Nazi economic penetration of a market for which their own government, as a matter of national policy, is urging them to compete.

Practices such as this are, of course, an outgrowth of the international cartelism which big business developed around the turn of the century as a means of monopolizing markets and throttling competition. It is notable, however, that the early function of the cartel has been quite perverted. It is no longer employed as a forthright instrument of economic gain. The method through which business men sought to control public affairs is now a method through which a government marshals business men in the service of the state. It is a considerably more menacing sort of monopoly than the common domestic variety which our anti-trust laws were designed to correct. It is also a far more dangerous kind of government competition with private industry than the domestic brands of public ownership about which our industrialists have screamed so vociferously. For this represents the entry of a foreign government into the field of American private enterprise.

The rich usefulness of Senator Wheeler's inquiry should lie in disclosure that there is nothing casual or haphazard about this mobilization of German holdings here. The point which the Senate investigation must develop and underscore is that this is a planned, coordinated use of a foreign public instrument for the implementation of a hostile national policy. If it does this, it will demonstrate the need for American government control over this alien government instrument.

Not only in Germany, but in all of Germanized Europe, the liberal distinctions between the individual and the state have been thrown into the discard. The liberal doctrine that the function of the state is to protect the liberty of the individual has been abandoned for the totalitarian doctrine that the function of the individual is to safeguard the sovereignty of the state.

In freezing the American assets of conquered European peoples, the Treasury Department took cognizance of this possibility. The action was taken because it was patent that otherwise these assets would have ceased to be private property—would have become, in fact, the public property of the German Reich. It is equally patent that what would have happened to the American investments of Norwegians, Belgians and Frenchmen actually happened long ago to the American investments of Germans. Yet we continue to make an exception of this last category, granting it all the immunities and privileges traditionally enjoyed by private property in this liberal economy.

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The expropriation of American assets in the Reich by the Nazi government merely adds a touch of irony to this naïve American discrimination in favor of German interests. Expropriation of German holdings over here for the simple sake of retaliation would be out of keeping with American judicial principles—if these holdings were private property as are the American holdings in Germany. Normally, aliens are entitled to the same guarantees under our laws as American citizens. The due-process clause of the Constitution forbids the seizure of any private property without adequate compensation.

But the essential point is that all of these European assets over here, including the German, are not private property. Congress has ample authority, under its foreign-relations, commerce and currency powers, to provide for the administration of the public property of foreign governments in order to protect the interests of the United States. The Treasury has already furnished a rational pattern for such administration. All foreign holdings in this country should be registered, so that we may know precisely what and where they are. For the sake of our national safety, as well as in the interests of the erstwhile private owners, a trusteeship should be established over their earnings. These should be kept in special accounts with the Treasury Department—administered, perhaps, by the Alien Property Bureau of the Department of Justice—and they should be used abroad only in their legitimate function in foreign trade.

The simplest and most effective way to do this is to provide for licensing of withdrawals from the special accounts. Licenses may sensibly be granted in order to pay for exports from the United States or from countries, such as those in Latin America, whose exports the United States desires to support.

In addition, two other simple measures would seem to be desirable. One would be to forbid any foreign government to hold controlling shares in American corporations. The other would be to provide, as Great Britain did long ago in her Patent Act of 1907, for automatic abrogation of licensing agreements which operate against the national interest.

Such restrictions would impose no hardship on governments whose use of assets in the United States is not designed to injure American interests. They would permit Britain, for example, to utilize the American investments of Englishmen to pay for arms and munitions purchases from this country. But they would forbid employment of the proceeds of American industry for the political purpose of thwarting the policies of the United States. To leave such an instrument of economic warfare uncontrolled at a time when we are feverishly arming ourselves against military instruments is to lock the stable door after the Trojan horse is safe inside.

ALAN BARTH

Fighting the Ships with Jane

JANE WAS A MAN. The only feminine thing about his book, "Jane's Fighting Ships," is that, shapely and pliant and not easy to obtain, it arouses men's possessive instincts and is in constant danger of being carried off. "Jane's," at $20, is the after-dinner companion for the waging of war at sea. The game that one plays with it is one of pursuit and detection. But the object is more than to detect ships. It is to detect whole admiralties.

To check on war claims in the air and on land is impossible even for experts removed from the scene of action. The airplanes reported brought down are anonymous; the troops reported scattered are sprawling masses. But each casualty claimed inflicted at sea is identified either by name, class or type; and since every fighting ship the world over is catalogued in the annual editions of "Jane's," together with every detail of its appearance and armament (and often its life history and a commentary on its good or bad points thrown in), a check-up is easy. The simplest game is to count up the number of British capital ships the Germans and Italians have claimed they have disposed of, place that figure alongside the number of ships that were extant, and then discover that the Axis powers apparently have sunk the entire British battleline—and fifteen battleships besides.

But what interests a good armchair admiral more than such gaudy absurdities is the finer embarrassments that result, say, when an admiralty claims to have sunk a specific ship and then has to resurrect it a month later in order to sink it again.

Take the case of the cruiser Foch. In April the Germans announced they had bombed and sunk her off Bergen. If there was a French denial, it was buried. So there was nothing for an owner of "Jane's" to do but turn to the Foch's dashing portrait, regretfully read the caption that said, "At full speed [34 knots] Foch proved very successful," and mark her in the margin as "Sunk." It was somewhat surprising then, four months later, while listening to a Berlin broadcaster who was gloating over the number of French ships that had escaped the British and might eventually be used by the Germans, to hear him report the Foch as being "safe at Toulon."

The British Kestrel had a briefer career. Last winter the Germans announced they had sunk her. But a search of "Jane's" revealed no Kestrel. That meant —with a twinge of doubt as to whether a book that

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failed to be comprehensive could really be worth $20—hunting around in an admiralty register. Finally an H. M. S. Kestrel turned up. Then why had "Jane's" left her out? Because, it now appeared, this Kestrel wasn't a naval vessel at all. Kestrel is the name of a naval station on dry land; and the "H. M. S." was given to it as a courtesy prefix—perhaps with a view to just such contingencies.

One did not need a "Jane's," though, to appreciate the Ark Royal affair. The Germans "severely bombed" the aircraft carrier in November, 1939, so they said. Winston Churchill denied it. Thereupon the English-language announcer in Berlin nightly went on the air with the taunt, addressed to the First Lord, "Where is the Ark Royal?" In a month the answer came. Captain Langsdorff was lying bottled in Montevideo with his wounded Admiral Graf Spee. He knew that under cover of darkness he had a chance of slipping past the British cruisers waiting out in the Plate estuary. But if he succeeded, there was an aircraft carrier standing ready at Rio to send her five dozen planes scattering over the sea to spot him and call the hunters. Her presence killed his chances. Her name was Ark Royal.

Britain's turn with the boomerang came in the Norway campaign when the Renown went after the battleship Scharnhorst and allegedly knocked out her fire control. But within the month the British had to admit losing the carrier Glorious to the Scharnhorst's still well functioning guns. In June the Scharnhorst was again claimed damaged, this time by bombs. Yet a week later she was still about, and now she got "several bombs" and possibly a torpedo. This time the effect must have been a good deal more than verbal, for the RAF next spied her undergoing drydock repairs, and peppered her there.

These are the shows that give themselves away. But others require an evening's armchair sleuthing. There was the case of the mysterious disappearance of the cruiser York. She, like the Foch, was bombed and sunk off Bergen in April, the Nazis said. London denied it. That meant a marginal entry, with question mark. Then, early in May, Berlin broadcast the most sensational naval news of the war so far: a swarm of Stuka dive-bombers, in their first test against capital ships, had swooped down and sunk "a battleship of the Queen Elizabeth class" and then "a cruiser of the York class."

This was more than sensational. It was crucial. It proved, if true, the conclusive superiority of air power over sea power. And that was precisely what it was meant to prove to wavering Mussolini. Hitler showered Iron Crosses upon the returning airmen; London's denials sounded hollow; and only here and there a captious voice was heard wondering just how it was possible for a contact bomb to penetrate a total of fourteen inches of battleship steel spaced through four decks before it exploded.

Then a curious thing happened. Next day the British, the French and the Poles each admitted the loss, under bombing attacks, of a destroyer—the Afridi, the Bison and the Grom, respectively. Yet the Germans made no claim to having sunk these ships. The two sides didn't seem to connect at all. Or perhaps—wait a minute. Maybe they did connect?

Quick, the "Jane's"! First a look at the Afridi. She turned out to have been a new, 2,000-ton "leader," bigger and more formidable than the usual run of destroyers. Now mightn't a landlubber pilot, zooming down at her at 300 miles an hour, wishfully have taken her high bridgework and her four heavy gun-houses for the conning tower and turrets of a battleship?

But maybe that was wishful thinking on this side too. How about that "cruiser of the York class"? Had they really hit such a vessel, or was the victim perhaps the sleek Bison or the speedy Grom? "Jane's" again. The "York class" turned out to be a unique raked design that could hardly be confused with any other ships in the entire Anglo-French fleet. So the supposition broke down. Probably the Germans were right, and the York-class cruiser was a goner. Mark her down.

But what's this? "York class?" Here's something we almost overlooked. "Jane's" says there is only one ship in the York class. That is the York herself. And the York? Why, that is the ship the Nazis sank a month ago—or claimed they did.

Perhaps they had lied the first time, though, and were telling the truth now. And if this time they had really sunk her, perhaps they had sunk that Queen Elizabeth too. But had they really sunk the York? That was not answered until October 15, five months later, when a communiqué reporting the cruiser Ajax's Mediterranean sweep that admittedly netted her three Italian destroyers, cited the aid given her by a sister-cruiser—the York.

The next case for "Jane's" magnifying glass was the action at Oran. Vichy-French sources described the battle as a shameless assault by superior British forces upon unprepared, helpless French vessels. A check with "Jane's," however, showed that the broadside of the three British capital ships engaged was almost equaled by the weight of French metal, and that, when the fire of the fort of Mers-el-Kebir was taken into account, the British were actually outgunned. Nevertheless they smashed up three battleships and themselves received no proved hits. The fact that the French ships, with the eight-hour warning the British gave them, neither screened themselves with their ample destroyer force nor left their anchorages nor even got up enough steam to work their main armament properly, remains one of the unfathomed mysteries of the war.

"Jane's," of course, had been patiently waiting for Mussolini's navy to put to sea. But the Taranto affair was so landlocked as to come more under the head of

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an attack upon fixed positions than of a naval engagement. The editors of "Jane's" had long ascribed to Italian warship design a "general effect of aggressiveness"; but their figures suggested that this effect might be bluster, intended to conceal an ill armored fleet that was really not planned, except on short stabs, to put to sea.

Thus the brand-new fifteen-inch Littorios (one of which was holed) had been given no more protection than had the oldest American battleship, the Arkansas, laid down in 1910 and now earmarked for the scrapyard. What might happen when ships built along such principles fell in with their opposite numbers was foreshadowed when the cruiser Bartolomeo Colleoni tangled in a tight place with the cruiser Sydney. Their armament was equal. The Italian had the speed, the Britisher the protection. The Colleoni went down, with her bow blown off.

On one occasion the Italians did take to sea. That was on July 9, when they sighted and claimed to have "pursued" some British battleships. (Unfortunately, the Fascist censor later released some photographs of the action that showed the Cavour and Giulio Cesare speeding with their turrets firing well abaft the beam.) The secondary phase of this brush was what appears to have been the attempt of the great battle cruiser Hood to rush in from Gibraltar and catch the Italians from behind while they were being engaged by the squadron operating off Malta.

Now, the concern of the Italian mind with the Hood is intense. The reason is that, although the Italian capital ships can steam from four to eight knots faster than the British, here is one vessel that can always catch up with them. The Italians' concern was so intense, in fact, that they disposed of the Hood before so much as having laid eyes on her. On July 5 they reported that she had been damaged by the French at Oran and was putting in at Gibraltar for dry-docking. But only three days later—having barely given her time to get comfortably berthed—they declared they had bombed her off Malta, almost a thousand miles away. The Hood is fast, but not that fast.

A week later the High Command again changed its story. Now it said she had started out from Gibraltar on July 8 (this still didn't give her time to get through with that dry-docking, but no matter) and they had bombed the daylights out of her from the ninth to the eleventh.

This sounded so much like "Wolf, wolf" that Britain's denial of the entire story was generally credited. But a short while later an after-dinner sleuth was given a clue which suggested that this time it was perhaps the British who had been doing a little whistling to keep their courage up. A New York Times correspondent, cabling on August 25 a report of an unescorted tour he had made of a bombed British "southeast naval port," mentioned having seen a "famous ship," which had recently been "heavily engaged," in for repairs, with "battered funnels."

What the British censor had overlooked, in passing that statement as being vague enough, was the letter "s" on the word "funnels." Here was a case for "Jane's." By "famous ship" the Times reporter undoubtedly meant "capital ship." But none of the battlewagons of the Nelson and Royal Sovereign and Queen Elizabeth classes had more than one funnel. The Renown and Repulse did have; but neither had recently been reported "heavily engaged." That left what? The Hood. The Hood had two.

So "Jane's" tries to keep the boys straight. The British do stay a good deal straighter. They may conveniently forget damage such as that done to the Hood, and, earlier, to the Nelson; but on the other hand, in a long list of cases of loss even by collision or accident or mining, they have published the casualty, when to conceal it would have left the enemy none the wiser.

And whatever their omissions may be, the British have pulled no such boners of commission as the Germans did in the cases of the Foch, the York, and the shallow-draft Kestrel. British theory is that minimizing losses does not impair confidence nearly so much as exaggerating victories. There is no guarantee that if in future the Admiralty feels pinched, it may not decide to conceal a major loss; Winston Churchill himself, as First Lord in 1914, argued the Cabinet into keeping secret the loss by mining of the battleship Audacious. But British acumen can be relied upon not to award Victoria Crosses for the destruction of German raiders that later are found still lustily operating.

One of the most brilliant feats in what the Germans called their victory at Jutland was their sinking of the brand-new British battleship Warspite. Admiral Scheer still claimed the ship in the memoirs which he published after the War. So it must have been a source of embarrassment to any successors who had taken their old commander at his word to find, on a bleak morning in gray Narvik a quarter of a century later, a bulbous old warhorse thrashing her way up the fjord to blow their entire destroyer flotilla to bits: His Majesty's Ship Warspite.

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

Yuletide at Home

At middle-age the Young return again,
Home-come for Yule; herbaceous carpets flower
As punctual to the season as the rain,
And the hall-clock, once dear Granny's, chimes the hour.

A lengthened hour. Christmas coincident
With smiles and tears and dinner sharp at eight,
Stretches its dogged length to merriment—
Aren't we all lucky to sit up so late?

VALENTINE ACKLAND

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Resources of the Mind[1]

Pessimism, that variety which is collectively contagious, is a disease which affects primarily the highly developed parts of a society—the sensitive and the educated—and there are today certain groups of Americans who seem to be most susceptible. There are those who formerly believed that Christianity (the Hebraic-Christian ethic and religion) was so strong an agency of humanization that men would never willfully abandon its values; those who thought that science was to become the universal instrument of man's progress; or that a sufficient quantity of innate human goodness existed to permit the operation of a relatively self-regulating political and economic system. Some believed that social change might be brought about by means of violent revolutions followed by beneficent dictatorships; or that a cosmic process known as evolution was at work in the realm of human affairs, assuring ultimate progress. There was the conviction that popular education must produce a maximum number of reasonable individuals who would together devote themselves to social ends. Finally there were those who believed that democracy, the most humanistic of all conceptions of order and culture, had taken permanent possession of the minds and hearts of men and would therefore continue its expansion, culminating in a democratic world society.

These are, then, our potential pessimists: romantic religionists, scientific positivists, laissez-faire libertarians, revolutionary Marxists, sentimental evolutionists, quantitative educators and naïve believers in traditional democracy. The similarities between these above groups are more important than the distinctions. These are all believers, and each found himself sooner or later a participant in a movement. These are all particularists, that is, persons devoted to a single line of reform. Most of these believers were also persuaders, and to the degree in which they succeeded in winning converts to their particular doctrine they lost the habit of self-criticism and thus became centers of reactionary influence. In a curious, paradoxical manner the believers became the latent betrayers. For pessimism—the loss of will and energy to struggle for ideals—is in itself one of the grosser forms of human betrayal.

Nevertheless, these persons had the energy needed for improvement. Faith generates energy and without belief nothing is accomplished. Even an erroneous faith, a belief which cannot stand the scrutiny of tested knowledge, produces energy and at times in greater quantity than a belief well founded and authenticated, as Hitler has so vividly demonstrated. We are thus brought face to face with one of man's deepest dilemmas: he must believe if he is to live, and yet the act of belief frequently becomes the source of decadent conservatism; or at moments when the objects of belief are denied, the believers themselves become disillusioned defeatists. Those of us who assume critical tasks must strive to come to grips with this dilemma.

The first responsibility of faith is action. To believe means to be prepared to enter upon an experiment. Belief which does not imply action is either an escape from reality or a variety of hypocrisy. What loss of personal dignity we have seen lately in those who continue to profess a faith which they do not practise! A believer who does not think and act automatically becomes a hindrance to human advancement.

The second obligation assumed by the genuine believer is the practice of self-criticism. Only self-critical believers may be trusted to retain the capacity to hear and understand what the disbelievers say. When this capacity wanes, the believers also lose the habit of communication. They become sectarians; they communicate only with those who share their convictions and develop insulations against all others. When this happens, the units of energy generated by faith cancel each other out. This process may continue until confusion becomes so widespread as to constitute preparation for the rise of a willful demagogue, and by definition a demagogue may be regarded as a person who spreads false truths and false hopes.

To believe is to "get set" for action. But action is not self-justifying. The person who is not ready to consider the consequences of his action will suffer the worst form of self-delusion. He will ultimately, like the Fascists of our time, call evil good and good evil. The true believer believes also in human experience. The ultimate test of an article of faith is its practicability in experience, not its logical consistency within a framework of doctrine. Experience is also a form of logic. Beliefs are hypotheses to be tried. Whether a belief is true or not depends upon the consequences as experienced.

I have listed above certain objects of faith which formerly had the support of many intelligent and sensitive persons. I do not wish to insinuate that they are either separately or collectively false. I do not know. What I am prepared to assert is that these faiths have not resulted in human progress and that many of the most faithful of a former age are now defeatists. Also, I believe that the energy generated by these beliefs has suffered degradation and cannot now be relied upon for purposes of regeneration. Christians wage total war against each other. Scientists seek employ-

[1] This essay is one of a series which The New Republic has been printing over a period of some months. Earlier articles have been "The Corruption of Liberalism," by Lewis Mumford, "Our Guilt in Fascism," by Waldo Frank, and "Post-War Writers and Pre-War Readers," by Archibald MacLeish. – THE EDITORS

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ment where they can get it, regardless of the moral purposes of their employers. Laissez-faire libertarians will still struggle for individual freedom even if it means merely the freedom to starve. Contemporary Marxists make themselves indistinguishable from Nazis and Fascists by utilizing the methods of both. Cosmic evolutionists tend to shy away from reality and hide in new obscurantisms. Educationists have become so timid that any pressure group with sufficient power can now get its objectives incorporated as educational goals. And the victories of the dictator countries have frightened the emotional believers in democracy into a paralysis of inaction, making disorder, confusion, anger and hatred. These are not promising sources of energy for any purpose except destruction.

The United States has, of course, decided to arm against any possible attack by the dictators. But while a defense program may be necessary, it is not in itself an act of faith. Indeed, it may be only the result of fear. We must prepare to defend ourselves if we are to survive as a people, but I am concerned about something more important than mere survival. What interests me is whether or not the American people are capable of *revival*. The late Chief Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes insisted that to live is to act and to act is to affirm an ideal. I want to live and act, and therefore I know that I must believe. Many minds are now devoting themselves to an appraisal of our material resources; these must be marshaled in such manner as to convey meaning to the dictators, who no longer employ the language of reason. My chief concern is centered upon a point far beyond these fateful warring years. My thought is focused upon the resources of the mind, out of which we may (or may not) construct a decent, a humanistic and peaceful culture.

The question I am asking is this: What resources (other than material ones) do we possess for purposes of reconstruction and regeneration? More specifically, what resources do we possess which were not available to former generations faced with disaster? My answers are lamentably small in number and to many will seem incredibly feeble when placed beside eighty-ton tanks, nests of furtive submarines and swarms of swift-flying bombers. But I make no apologies. I am prepared to rebuild both my faith and my dismembered world with the tools available, and I await no miracles. It may be that I see through a glass darkly, but I think I see, and this is my initial report.

We possess an instrument almost unknown to past civilizations, an instrument whose values are only dimly recognized at present but which will one day, I believe, become our most powerful preventive against human disaster. This instrument is mental hygiene. Emerson, who had a canny foreknowledge of this discipline, said we now know that life can be mean but we also know what makes it mean. We know that we have been "too much hurried by systems" and not enough concerned with human motivations. The mechanisms of incentive are still, perhaps, a tangled web, but slowly the tangle is being unwound and gradually we come to see what it is that makes men desperate and unreasonable. We see also some of the poisons which have brought decay to the roots of human relationships. Indeed, we have even proceeded far enough in therapeutics to be able to straighten lives that had become warped and to train individuals to recognize their own twisted emotions. But, this instrument is still in its primitive stage of development and its promises are infinite.

Our second resource is to be found in historic realism. The amount and the quality of reliable historical material which has been gathered in recent years will astonish those who are not familiar with this field of research. The time has come when clarifying generalizations may be abstracted from this great mass of information. One lesson from history seems already to have become fairly clear, namely that civilizations may be destroyed but not culture itself. The values of culture inherent in Greek civilization at its best shine now with more luster than ever before. We also learn from history that civilizations rarely if ever die as the result of their own toxins. Complete decay does not come from within. A civilization may become weak from within, may lose touch with its true tradition, and so prepare itself for the aggressor. From this lesson we also learn that a civilization which is to save itself must acquire the art of lifting itself by its own bootstraps. We are even now being tempted to concentrate most of our energy in the direction of hatred towards aggressors, whereas history teaches us that we should reserve the major part for the solution of our chronic difficulties.

We are in possession of new analytical devices which might, if properly utilized, save us from confusion and chaos. Science has taught us to suspect oversimplifications of cause and effect. In nature, it appears, there are no single causes, and since we are a part of nature it seems reasonable that we should abandon the pernicious habits of particularism. When disaster impends, when a whole society is threatened, it should be clear that no simple or unitary explanation will suffice. Our difficulties are neither economic, nationalistic, racial, political or moral. These are merely terms which describe certain phases of human experience, but they are interconnecting terms. Specialists can help us only when the various aspects of life are flowing in the same general direction. When this is not the case, specialized interpretations lead to more confusion. The economist, for example, who is not likewise interested in morality is sure to be a poor guide. By the same token, the moralist whose principles do not apply to economic life will ultimately find himself operating in a social vacuum.

The fourth resource for future hope is more doubtful because it arises, not from scientific, but rather from philosophical experience and hence will not be shared

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by as many minds. We seem to have learned that end-gainers are also mischief-makers. By "end-gainers" I mean persons who stake out specific goals and then develop a moral attachment to them. Such a person will invariably measure his success or failure in life in terms of these *a-priori* goals or ends. This means that defeat will become so unbearable a prospect that he will become careless regarding his means rather than alter the ends. This is the source of much of the worst of our current immorality, namely that persons will utilize means which are incompatible with their ends. But, quoting Emerson again, "ends preëxist in the means." We become what we do, not what we wish. The lesson to be learned here—and it is one which is peculiarly pertinent for educators and all other instructors in human behavior—is that a sense of direction is much more important than a specific goal. What needs to be taught to the young is that "intellectual and moral victories are the only ones which do not leave the victor bankrupt and desolate in spirit when the goal is won" (AE).

The last of my present list of resources for the future centers upon the democratic symbol itself. We have been exhorted to believe that what we are now struggling for is the democratic way of life as contrasted with the totalitarian way of life. Unless we come to a better understanding of the use of symbols, this battle will, I believe, be lost. The totalitarians have defined their conception of life. We have not. We are still asking people to sacrifice and fight for a mere symbol. This they may do for a time, but if the symbol does not sooner or later take on flesh and bones and become a living reality, their persistence and courage will not endure. If, then, we are to use such rich and symbolic concepts as Democracy, we must state what we mean, not merely in terms of some former age but for the present and the future. The largest defections from Democracy come from young people. Why? Because they have never seen Democracy at its best. Some are not able to describe its meaning at all, that is, in terms of actual day-to-day behavior. Academic interpreters of Democracy insist that this conception of life rests upon such beliefs as pluralism and personal dignity. But what is pluralism in action? How do individuals attain dignity? How will the young worker who spends each hour of each day throughout an entire year, throughout a complete lifetime perhaps, doing nothing except pushing a lever, reach dignity? How much dignity is left to the citizen who votes knowing that both candidates seeking election are bound to be controlled by corrupt party manipulators? What we are slowly beginning to learn is that we can expect persons to be loyal only to that which they have experienced and found good.

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN

The Campus Autocrats

THE LIBERTIES of teachers and students are in greater danger today than at any period since the World War. Bertrand Russell's persecution by the Tammany medievalists is only one example of a nationwide trend. The American Association of University Professors reports a steady increase during the past four years in the number of controversies it has dealt with.

In recent years administrators have shown growing respect for the academic liberties of students. But this year, prexy has devoted himself to squelching student interests with a vengeance, the most significant example of which was the action of seven institutions in denying Earl Browder the right to speak.

These strictures can be partly explained by the increased social tensions of the past few years. A more fundamental reason is the dictatorial government of most American universities. American colleges and universities are in the hands of absentee boards of trustees; the president is usually given dictatorial power and the faculty merely "advisory" privileges. Legally, the teacher is no more than an employee. The student enjoys greater security, since he cannot be expelled without a hearing, but no such ruling exists for the teacher, unless, as in some states, there is a specific statutory provision. On the other hand, the school has parental prerogatives over the student which limit possibilities of legal redress.

In the case of the teacher, however, academic tradition has established certain principles. These were codified by the AAUP, the Association of American Colleges and other bodies. They provide complete freedom of inquiry and expression for the teacher in both professional and civic capacities. They require that the probationary period not exceed six years, after which the instructor achieves permanent tenure—although legally he may be on yearly contract. His services can be terminated only for adequate cause after the presentation of charges and a hearing before both faculty and administration committees. He has the right of counsel. Further, he should receive his salary for at least one additional year.

Complete acceptance of this code has not been secured and the legal impotence of the teacher makes his privileges extremely vulnerable. Only the most flagrant infringements, however, receive the extreme penalty of the AAUP—a place on its "censured" list. The recent crop is interesting, since each case illustrates one or another of the results of educational totalitarianism.

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Tennessee. – At the University of Tennessee everybody is on yearly contract and can be dismissed at will. Such was the experience of Dr. A. D. Mueller, called to the University in 1929 as associate professor of Secondary Education. His rank should have assured him of permanent tenure, yet he was powerless in 1936 to resist the demand that he resign or face summary dismissal. The charge—dubious in view of long experience and extensive scholarly publication—was incompetence. Mueller vainly sought for a bill of particulars and a hearing.

Stetson. – The power of economic pressure is shown in three dismissals at the Law College of John B. Stetson University, in 1938. One man had been at Stetson for only five years, but his rapid advance from instructor to associate professor, and periodic salary increases, seemed to establish competence. The other two had been at Stetson for thirteen years. Notwithstanding, the administration claimed they were incompetent. Later it withdrew the charge and rested its case on the fact that each man was on annual contract. The AAUP found this legalism inadequate, and saw the true cause of the dismissals in the president's admission that he was attempting to get a $50,000 donation by revamping his catalogue to include men with higher degrees.

St. Louis University. – Events at the School of Medicine of St. Louis University, a Jesuit institution, are a good example of trouble over politics. Professor Moyer S. Fleisher, a faculty member for twenty-three years, was dismissed because he sponsored a meeting at which the allegedly unfrocked Irish priest, Father Michael O'Flanagan, defended Loyalist Spain. The administration claimed it didn't object to Dr. Fleisher's Loyalist activities, but rather to his aid in misrepresenting the clerical standing of Father O'Flanagan. Dr. Fleisher apologized, but was dismissed without a hearing eleven months later.

The University of Montana. – Montana State University supplied the Keeney case, in which a court order reinstated a professor who had been discharged without a hearing. Though he was charged with incompetence, his real crime was apparently the organization of a chapter of the American Federation of Teachers. Unabashed, President Simmons and the State Board of Education later demanded the resignations of eight full professors, including Keeney. The professors, whose periods of service ranged from eight to twenty-six years, had opposed the dictatorship of President Simmons. One of them, E. A. Atkinson, had also run foul of the Missoula Mercantile Corporation through his activities on behalf of the concern's striking employees. This corporation is a potent "educational" force in Montana.

These cases are fairly typical of many more. The American Association of University Professors was founded in 1916. Since then it has tried hard to make the teacher secure in his traditional rights. But the inviolability of the academic retreat is as much an illusion today as it was in 1917, and in fighting growing academic repression it is not enough to educate medieval-minded administrators and alumni. The governmental framework must be revamped.

To alter the teacher's legal status would either require reversal of a series of court decisions or extensive legislation. Both are difficult of accomplishment. Organized pressure on the governing boards to adopt democratic faculty regulations is far more practical. In recent years the greatest step forward was taken by the city colleges of New York. The plan adopted in 1928 provided for permanent tenure after three years and democratic control of appointments and educational policy through the election of appropriate faculty committees.

The next advance is in prospect at Harvard. Prodded to action by the wholesale dismissal of staff members in June, 1939, the faculty displayed a surprising degree of assertiveness. It suspended for a year the smaller Faculty Council and now sits in full force every two weeks. Last fall the professors devoted themselves to modifying the rigid "up or out" appointive system of President Conant, their recommendations winning the approval of the Corporation. Now they are investigating relations between faculty and administration, which may very well result in changing the governing policy of the university. Two committees are at work, an official faculty committee and an extra-curricular group under the aegis of the Teachers' Union and the AAUP. Their work bears watching by the entire educational community.

IRWIN ROSS

The Boy

Sick with an adolescent desire,
The boy took the whole ocean in his eyes.
It was midsummer, and the world on fire
Buzzed with the terrible tedium of flies

Nuzzling foul cod flattening on the sand.
The boy, all stripped and ready for his plunge
Felt, as he sprang, the firmness of the land
Drop, and his body, glistening in its lunge,

Cut through the water splitting up a trough,
Go under, fathoming with August light,
Come up, foam on his head. That scudded off.
His muscles rippled with a hard delight

Being exerted in an actual sea,
Mastering "real" water, completing his pride,
His sun-tanned power and his will to be
Himself with his whole being fructified.

J. V. HEALY

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Washington Notes

The Japs Can't Fly

THE GROUP HERE that is advocating greater aid to China has an ingenious and impressive program. It wants to have the American—and English—air forces combed for semi-obsolete planes, which would be delivered over to Chiang Kai-shek. It asks only for planes that are not fast enough, or do not have sufficient fire-power to be used in European skies. At present, so runs this argument, such planes are being "wasted"; they are being used as trainers, or for patrol work in safe areas. However, in the hands of the Chinese, they could defeat Japan and break the Axis. Like the French, who were once supposed to be able to live well on what an American family threw away, the Chinese can win a war with our unvalued weapons.

Only professional soldiers, familiar both with air strategy and with the Orient, can say whether these enthusiasts are right. But certainly their program is worth painstaking consideration. Their arguments rest on the alleged fact that, throughout the length of the Axis, Japanese air power is the softest spot. It is the one place where the Axis is leading with its combined chin.

The partisans of China make three points. The first is the familiar one that the Japanese, as a race, are bad airmen, awkward, slow, clumsy. This has a mystic sound, but it is abundantly attested to by foreign military observers. Second, there is every reason to think that Japanese fighting aircraft, in design, are some two years behind those of other major powers. Finally, although Japan may have succeeded in putting aside a store of high-test American aviation gasoline, this reserve must be small, and, in active fighting, would be quickly exhausted.

The American—and, if possible, English—planes that the partisans of China want are those completed before last January. About the beginning of the present year, they point out, the chief belligerents, England, France and Germany, and with them the United States, drastically redesigned their aviation. All planes were made speedier, fighters were given heavier fire-power, bombers were equipped for larger bombs. At a stroke, the earlier planes—the pre-January types—became semi-obsolete as far as European fighting is concerned. But it seems reasonably certain that these semi-obsolete planes are superior to the present first-line equipment of Japan. In particular, by using gasoline with a high-octane rating, they might outrange the Japanese ships by from fifty to a hundred miles an hour.

The friends of China are aware that airplanes, by themselves, do not make a military air arm. They know that highly trained pilots, bombardiers, observers, are needed, together with large numbers of ground mechanics. They also know that China must have widely scattered and relatively elaborate landing fields and well stocked machine shops. Nevertheless, they say that if Chiang Kai-shek can have America's and England's semi-obsolete planes, his aviators almost at once can put Japan on the defensive, and, in a matter of months, will sweep Japan's aviation from the skies and carry the attack to her home islands.

Even partial success, China's friends say, might easily have a decisive effect on World War II. It would stop Japan's threatened push southward toward the Dutch East Indies, and through Thailand to Singapore, and stop it dead. England's naval worries in the Far East would be ended; the United States, safe in the Pacific, could concentrate its energies on furnishing munitions to England. Much more important would be the probable effect on the USSR. It would permit Stalin to show greater independence in Europe, and might enable him to escape from his present Nazi bondage.

Although members of Congress are very scary about admitting it, it is becoming blindingly clear to observers that there is only one political issue left in the country: the defeat of Hitler. The so-called "heavy" congressional leaders—men like Messrs. Doughton and Woodrum in the House, Byrnes and Harrison in the Senate—are already deep in next session's tax bill. But next year's bill is governed by defense considerations, which in turn depend on Nazi Germany. Similarly with the administration's policy toward union organization strikes, the NLRB and the six-day week. The sole question will be: what will promote arms output? It is a startling, if inevitable, change in the Washington atmosphere.

Mr. Roosevelt has already announced that England is receiving 50 percent—by "rule of thumb"—of our production of flying fortresses. She has also received our next-to-latest edition of the army's bombsight. It is a shrewd guess that England is henceforth going to receive whatever she needs and Mr. Roosevelt can give. Last spring, the element in the War Department that stubbornly opposed the surrendering of any sort of weapons to England had a spokesman in cocky little Secretary Woodring. Since then, under Messrs. Stimson and Patterson and General Marshall, there has been a virtual right-about-face. The growing feeling of comradeship between our army and the British should be strengthened by the arrival of Air Marshal "Stuffy" Dowding, England's great aviation strategist.

If Mr. Roosevelt had succeeded in pushing Congress out of town last week, he would probably have announced the transfer of additional destroyers to England. The navy admirals do not appear to have the army's spirit of self-sacrifice, and do not want to give up their ships. This seems true, even though the Secretary of Navy, Colonel Knox, is perhaps more thoroughly committed to the destruction of Hitler than any other Cabinet member. Nevertheless, observers think that the transfer of another fifty destroyers to England is no more than a few weeks away.

As one administration official said privately, the issue last summer was whether we could defend ourselves if England were defeated. Now, with conscription, the beginning of arms manufacture, and the acquisition of Atlantic bases, that issue is probably settled. Today the issue is whether we keep the fighting outside this hemisphere by bringing about Hitler's defeat in Europe. It is firmly believed by most New Dealers that, with the opening of the new Congress in January, Mr. Roosevelt will spell out this latter issue in stark detail. He will ask for credits to England, perhaps directly, perhaps under the guise of financing American exports.

Washington T. R. B.

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Or What You Will

Twelfth Night. St. James Theatre, November 19, 1940. Twelfth Night. Cornell University Theatre, Cornell University, November 16, 1940

IT IS ONLY FAIR to say of the new production of "Twelfth Night: or, What You Will" that some of our best critics have found it an occasion of great merit. They have found in it a deal of sweet enchantment, fun, loveliness, and wit and merriment. If you can get that from the occasion, you are lucky; for that was Shakespeare's intention undoubtedly.

To my mind the event is very dull, not to say banal, unromantic and pedestrian. And in the familiar manner of the Theatre Guild is without joy. It does not seem to rise on pleasant exercise. Culture has the relation to pleasure or satisfaction that any other access of vitality has. We should not be led to wonder, as I was at the Guild production of "Twelfth Night," why the producers took so much trouble or ever bothered with this play at all. Culture or no culture for the joy of it, the producers here have indeed taken a great deal of trouble, and labored to bring to their enterprise many a rich resource—for example, Mr. Paul Bowles's music, which underlies the play, delicate but firm, suggesting the antique but not going stale, and seeming at times more visible than heard note by note, line by line.

The star of this Theatre-Guild-Gilbert-Miller-Helen-Hayes-Maurice-Evans production is Mr. Stewart Chaney. This youngest wren of nine carries off the majority of the honors; his décor has a beautiful richness that ought to be obvious and expected—the sources being what they are for theatre design within this period—but that is, among our designers, very rare and unfamiliar. One thing only I would suggest; it involves lighting. In the lines of the play three days are spoken of and also three months, so that we may assume some changing of the clock. More variations in the hour of day, the tone and assertion of the light, on Mr. Chaney's part would add to the scenes' dramatic value. Otherwise his settings have a certain rightness for the play, and a Renaissance splendor and knowledge. The costumes provide an admirable reminder of Veronese, Tintoretto, Tiepolo—what you will—and are especially effective for the minor characters, who very likely do what they are told. Mr. Evans' costume for Malvolio has something too much of style and elegance for its right dramatic purposes; though this might be forgiven as court-masque if it were not that Shakespeare's motif of the yellow stockings and cross-gartering gets no chance. There is no costume whatsoever that is worth killing the dramatic point to such an extent. Maria's costumes, with their stripes and fine tones and surfaces, go wrong dramatically, unless, that is, this whole event be conceived as pure masque, free revel and artifice. That conception, however, the acting completely denies.

A point to keep in mind about "Twelfth Night" is that it is one of those theatre works that can do as it pleases, all glancing light, artificial device, lyric departure from cold fact. At the same time, however, we can suffer no harm in remembering that by way of Barnabe Riche (1581) and in turn from the thirty-sixth story in Part II of Bandello's "Novelle," the play descends from those novels of later Greece that circulated endlessly in the classic groves but that are rarely mentioned in our schools. It happens to be the case just now, however, that history repeats itself and that we can comprehend more readily the way in which this Greek source was not so arbitrary and fanciful as might be supposed. Taking up the newspaper any day almost, we may read how people are ordered out of a country with half an hour's notice, bag and baggage, scattered over the earth, forwarded, gutted, misplaced or lost. Your sister, your twin, your traveling companion or adventurous helper is who knows where and may turn up when, by chance? The Greek novels, those romances and vagaries so different from the high-horse business of college Greek departments, rested partly on a foundation in fact, on the actual-incredible, something as the figures in Balinese sculpture come back finally to a certain anatomy in that race. We are not obliged, therefore, to be too wholly incredulous as to the fable in "Twelfth Night," too scornful of the tale's improbability, any more than we need doubt, trim down and be afraid to risk its freedom, quirks and lyric romance.

So far as the verse goes, "Twelfth Night" has the elements of Shakespeare's middle period: boldness and freedom of the metrical scheme, keeping on the whole the older form. For the most part the reading of the company in this new production is inadequate, frightened of, or slurring, the metrical values, and without precision for the stresses that convey the sense. Few of the players are less successful in the reading of Shakespeare's lines, in their poetic and metrical values, than Miss Helen Hayes herself in that starry script Viola has to speak. Miss Hayes turns most of all that poetic treasure into mere chirpy prose. The poetic line, a living thing on the stage, can survive only a certain amount of so-called naturalness, conciliative, perhaps, but mistaken. In general Miss Hayes brought her usual, highly honorable professional application to her role, but Shakespeare's Viola is not for her.

Nothing is served by bringing up the matter of Duke Orsino, Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Sir Toby—all fine roles—and the performances given them (Orsino had a superb costume). How Miss Margaret Webster, who is one of our most literate directors, turned such matters over in a heavy heart, may be left to conjecture.

With his Malvolio, Mr. Maurice Evans, choosing to adopt a sort of Thackeray squire make-up and a cockney accent—brings to the whole occasion a touch of the professional that is to say the least refreshing. Malvolio is a part that has been done by a number of illustrious players —Irving for example—and is easily within any actor's ambition. It is one of the darkest and most terrific things in Shakespeare and too strong, I have always thought, for our present-day stomachs. Granted the toning down of the bite, of the shadowed and the ominous, of the raw, distraught and eloquent, the Renaissance complexity, Mr. Evans' Malvolio is good and will be better. He is still searching for the plane he wants to have it on and the exact breadth and extravagance of the style he wants for it.

All this has interesting differences from the performance I saw at Cornell a few days earlier from the Chekhov Theatre Players, stationed permanently at Ridgefield, Connecticut, but now at the commencement of a tour, colleges and what-not. At the start of their production of "Twelfth Night" I could do with a little less of shall we

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say Moscow—at any rate of that bringing in of screens, flats, properties and other frank admissions that the theatre is after all theatre, which we know. Or at least, if that is to go on, I had as soon the stage attendants showed a less flirtatious vivacity about it, and in some cool mechanical service, merely brought on what has to be brought on for the given scene. That can easily be remedied, and leaves a great deal to be commended about the approach—at times quite brilliant—to the play, the shaping of the characters, the reading.

This "Twelfth Night" is directed by Mr. Michael Chekhov in collaboration with George Shdanoff.

I should say at the start, of course, that Mr. Chekhov's company has no player with the authority that Mr. Evans brings to his role. Nor is there any player with the seasoned, steady practice in the theatre that Miss Hayes has earned for herself. As a matter of fact, the other company is all of younger players, none of them yet thirty perhaps. It was interesting to watch them thrown back to such an extent on make-up, technical pains and high spirits, never minding the logic of any prose in life, trusting their own poetry and the play's together, every player expected to press for his share in the free folly, radiant or crude, and for the glamor and romance.

This conception of the play, whatever age the actors may be, is the only conception and approach that can set free such a piece of art as "Twelfth Night," it seems to me. Otherwise the play will as often as not be turned against itself, and likely to call for as much apology as admiration.

In Orsino's case everything was gained by showing him in a veritable sickness of romantic sadness and melodic egotism, jealous lest anyone else should be said to rival him in his state of love. Olivia on her part feeds an equal egotism, sorrowing for the loss of her brother. On this basis what the two of them do, those high-flown, elaborate actions of theirs, becomes all the more poetic for being seen with wit; for then our common sense puts nothing in their way. Into this glowing air come Viola and Sebastian, rained down from heaven, to settle everything. There was a great gain too in making Sebastian a young fire-eater, charging straight for Sir Toby, which turns the tables on the tormentors of the scared page, Viola, in a duel a moment before. It also makes more plausible Sebastian's ready acceptance of Olivia's love and hand, having him thus so amazed, impulsive and intrepid.

At the moment this side of the Chekhov production of "Twelfth Night" is more important for notice here than mention of individual performances, especially Miss Beatrice Straight's Viola, Mr. Ford Rainey's Sir Toby and Mr. Hurd Hatfield's Sir Andrew, all marked by fine and excellent qualities true to the play.

M. Elie Faure once said of Renoir's portraits that the silks are like flesh and retain their lightness, the flesh is like silk and retains its weight. That applies subtly enough to "Twelfth Night," so lovely, varied and accessible. It should be played straight and lustily, in all the rough bravura of its Elizabethan form, heedless, abundant, musical, all the rash elements; and played as taking the body of the play not as the prison but as the mere shadow, perhaps, of its poetry.

STARK YOUNG

Films, Taken or Left Alone

IN THE American Spectacle class, O-Pioneers division, "Arizona" is the best I have seen so far, partly because it tries to do its job well, partly because it does not try to do anything else. Its story is that of the wagon trains going westward to settle the new Arizona Territory; of how at the start of the Civil War the Union garrison left Tucson to the desert and the Indians; of how the settlers accepted Confederate protection, and later renounced it with huzzas as the Union forces moved back in. In the films, I suppose, history is as history does at the box office; but the prime motives of new land and holding it, with good men and bad men and a few men with ideals in their eyes, with hardships and danger and heartbreaking setbacks and summary justice—these facts of the great American trek to the West are roughly set forth as background to this story. Since they are simple if breathtaking facts and since there is nothing to be served now by twisting, they seem honest enough.

The foreground has the usual story of romance and rising conflict, with Jean Arthur in long pants and shirt, cleaning up vice and shoving villains around; Warren William holding up well under the strain but obviously conscious that all he needs for a complete set of Basil Rathbone is an English accent; William Holden coming through on his way to California but getting back just when badness has got too fat and insolent even for Miss Arthur, who is by now so much in love she puts on a dress. And the business of freighting goods through Indian country, buying and building and fighting for some kind of law, is woven in all through. Outside of love and natural reprisal, the activating theme is that of belief in the expansion of a new land, its future proud growth and promise of amenity. In the story, this not only motivates but worries quite a few people.

But if the story has places where it buckles, this is neither on history nor on motivation. Jean Arthur for one thing just isn't the type of thing to start a revolution or outface an established bad man. I think Alison Skipworth might do it. For another thing, the local wickedness all stems from a partnership between Mr. William and Porter Hall. Hall is an actor I delight to watch, but he has to be so poor-grade and sniveling here that you wonder how people with the hardihood to make the passage over the George Washington Bridge could be herded and hogtied by such a naïve bad shot.

For the rest of it, leave them alone, because they are tolerable enough real people, in a real time. Edgar Buchanan as the W. C. Fields judge is good all by himself, but the others for the most part depended on the background set up, the way the story was written for them (Claude Binyon) and worked out through them (Wesley Ruggles and his good camera crew). As this is a Ruggles production, as "art direction" and "set decorations" are credited to Lionel Banks and Frank Tuttle, respectively, I suppose credit for the fine construction of end-of-the-trail wagons, shacks, bars, interiors and implements rests somewhere between these people and the research department. Matters like this have been tended with such care that part of the illusion is there before it has had a chance, in the

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theatre sense, to be created. But I like to think this picture makes its modest sense less through tossing good De Millions after bad, the warpaths and stampedes, etc., than through getting a director and writer who can make the epic part of it into real and familiar life.

"The Seven Sinners" is nothing to worry about unless you happen to be in the theatre watching it go from fairly good to worse than worse. It collects many of those old charmers of the senses: the South Seas and the legendary rare flower of the waterfront bars; the fleet at anchor and the sailors on the town; curious bad men; natives and outcasts gone native. And Marlene Dietrich. Marlene is still something to see, though her best friend is still her singing voice—a fair voice, with personality and feeling in song—for her acting presence here carries the insistent hint that she knows where the camera is and where the early Mae West prints are buried. She is so many things and so many out of key that you can't help feeling that the director has given her her head because he didn't know what else to do, and that she is bringing it in on a platter.

It is a hokum picture, but with a basis of appeal; and much can be made out of this when properly contrived. But here the main director's contriving falls to Tay Garnet, who apparently figured that a Class-A production set-up and a chair with his name on the back and an aged-in-the-wood script is what it takes to make a picture. So he lets insignificant details, like why someone should love someone or how any punk lieutenant could pet and flout and bang doors on a captain in his navy, take care of themselves, while he saves up for a scene which reads "They gather round her eagerly," and which he runs up into the storming of the Bastille. The sequence of the last free-for-all in the cabaret might be worth seeing, for it is as far beyond description as it is beyond belief. It is the climax of the picture—which demonstrably thinks it is taking the boobs in with a story of the big things, like romance and renunciation, loyalty and basic honor—and the biggest thing it sees to do with itself is provide a stunt-man's holiday on top of a working-girl's heartbreak, with all the high technical resources of the modern film called in to magnify the absurd drama of "Rescued from an Eagle's Nest," the relentless humor of the pie-throw, the prat-fall and the broken back.

You will be enabled to wait for this burnt-cork golconda by virtue of the old stand-by situations already mentioned, by quirks in the writing, and by the people conscripted for this duty. Marlene of course—if only for what she looks like, especially in attitudes of repose. Oscar Homolka, who in spite of everything comes through as a living intelligence, real in both terror and charm, is a boon to the story, which never explains where or why he does what for which. John Wayne is all right for a part like this; Broderick Crawford is active and good. Billy Gilbert should always be kept to long shots; Mischa Auer had a part that would have been good for laughs if they hadn't discovered it as the business was made up; and the cast in general was more than usually livened by the presence of Vince Barnett, Sam Hinds, Reginald Denny, Albert Dekker, etc. All this detail only to make one point: the director of a picture is still a bigger man than anyone knows, purely because he is the man who brings the line to life. Would anybody like to speculate a pound of flesh on what Lewis Milestone could have done with this story, these people, this atmosphere and its settings? Any takers on what makes the difference between the art of pictures and such a mountain of motorman's glove?

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

Il Duce Orders
Greeks Crushed;
Italians Retreat
—*Headline on first page of The Christian Science Monitor.*

Do you know what Hell is? Come in and hear our organist play. —*From the church-briefs column of The Chicago Tribune.*

Because he "hates to think of a world in which people haven't space, even for a small piano," Steinway is rather reluctant to talk about the Europe that was his home for so many years. —*From a feature story in The San Francisco Chronicle.*

The French truthfully called their land La Douche France. —*From an article by Lion Feuchtwanger in PM.*

Careful!

As to Westbrook Pegler, any man that writes an article about the President of the United States and his family is as low or lower than the rats he writes about. —*From a letter in The Miami Herald.*

Republicans Note

ROOSEVELT AND APOLLO THEATRES:
The Great Dictator. Last Apollo performance. Roosevelt continues indefinitely. —*From theatre announcements in The Chicago Tribune.*

Cheap at Half the Price

What intrigued us especially was a so-called chastity-belt girdle ($95 at Nina Price, 8 E. 53rd) with a buckle in the shape of a padlock and a key dangling nearby. —*From "Shop Talk" in PM.*

Chamber of Horrors?

WANTED—A place to show her wares by an antique lady with Spanish chest and other odd things. Box 2037, Northern Michigan Review. —*An advertisement appearing in The Northern Michigan Review.*

Don't Forget to Get Out of the Tub

Sex appeal becomes buoyed and never failing with luxury beauty baths. What you'll have is no longer the collapsed leveled-out frame you knew as your body, but a fine, gay-feeling chassis, lassie, ready for fun and folly. —*Lesson No. 5 in "24 Steps to Glamor," by Alma Archer in The New York Daily Mirror.*

Cold-Comfort Department

"Japan has no more territorial or political ambitions in the direction of the Dutch East Indies than in the direction of China," Minister of Commerce Kobayashi, who headed a special mission to Batavia, said today. —*AP dispatch from Tokyo to The New York Post.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. —THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

The Dubious Future of Gold

SIR: The article by Professor Graham on "The Future of Gold" [November 4] was excellent as far as it went. Isn't it about time The New Republic quit standing on its foot and saw through the debt-money racket? Dorothy Thompson has had insight enough to see that "Hitler is winning the war because he has been fighting it with an industrial and engineering economy, while the democracies have been fighting it with a money, or financial, economy."

As long as money—any kind of money that is accepted in the business world—comes into existence as a debit instead of a credit for work performed and energy expended (that is, productive capacity), we are under the necessity of creating more debt money to pay old debts, plus interest. Unless we get a sound money system, the wonderful New Deal which you support will prove a chimera.

Portland, Ore. H. C. DEKKER

SIR: Professor F. D. Graham's article seemed to embody two distinct and easily separable propositions: (a) a large reserve stock of certain consumable commodities would be desirable, especially in the event of a big war, and (b) a substantial expansion of our money supply during peacetime (while such a reserve stock was being accumulated) and a substantial contraction of our money supply during wartime (while the reserve stock was being consumed) would be desirable. Apparently, one might applaud the first proposition and be skeptical about the second.

If, as Professor Graham insists, there would be no inflation, there would seem to be nothing to prevent an enormous increase in the output of the selected commodities, and a corresponding increase of the money supply. And all the new money, it may be noted, would be privately owned money, as contrasted with bank credit, so that the banking system could exercise no control over it.

What we need, it seems to me, is not more money but more enterprise (either private or public), and the additional incomes which this would provide; together with a more equable distribution of purchasing power, as between ardent consumers and apathetic consumers (or non-spenders).

Montreal, Canada STUDENT

Loans on Talent

SIR: Recognizing the dangers of a post-war economic collapse, we should investigate the possibility of developing a new field for public investment which will not compete with private-enterprise investment, but will rather tend to encourage it.

Our commerce consists of the production and exchange of both goods and services. Eighty percent of this commerce consists of the exchange of services. It is obvious that we cannot adequately distribute either goods or services in a proper ratio, with a financial system whose money values represent largely a measure of goods values only.

There is a definite analogy between property values and human-service values. Each is measurable in terms of dollars, each is subject to scientific treatment and credit implementation. As credit may be applied to real estate, in order to finance its development, so might self-liquidating credit be applied to talent, in financing the development of profitably marketable services.

Capitalists have frequently pointed out the idea of an economy "planned by consumer purchase votes." They overlook the fact that the vast majority of consumers are not enfranchised with money to express their preferences. However, if we can devise a sound method for appraising human values and anticipating future human earnings, it may be possible for us to extend loans on talents, and develop higher individual service values. In the process of doing this, we will enfranchise a vast increase of consumer "preference votes" on the levels where they are needed.

Genius and the possession of developable talents are not confined to class lines. Equality of opportunity could be made a financial reality.

Greensboro, N. C. MOULTON AVERY

Hemingway's Communism

SIR: My disappointment in Edmund Wilson's review of Ernest Hemingway's new book [October 28] is a measure of my admiration for Wilson, the only real critic developed in this country in my generation.

To lump Hemingway by implication with those younger or more callow writers who yielded themselves to the Communist afflatus as a girl falls for the latest fashion in hats seems to me preposterous. Bad as his Spanish play was, it seemed to me obvious that he was attracted, for reasons having to do partly with his personal idiosyncrasies, by the hard discipline, the heroism and the death urge that certain Communists have exhibited in times of crisis in Spain and China. He was never a convert or a fellow traveler if one can judge by his published writings, and certainly he is not now one of those disillusioned dilettantes in whom attraction has given way to resentment.

Of the three Communists who appear in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and who play roles of political or military importance in Spain, two, Karkov and Golz, win and keep the admiration and respect of Hemingway's hero, while the third is pictured in his insane malevolence not as a type or product of communism but as the aging victim of personal misfortune and physical and moral decay. The weakness of the Loyalist army is presented, not as the fault of any one political group except perhaps the anarchists, but as the result of the confusion, untried leadership, indiscipline and lack of equipment that are inevitable when a people's army must be improvised, and in Spain of all countries. Hemingway clearly indicates his belief that without Communist discipline and Communist planes, Loyalist resistance must have collapsed much sooner than it did.

And how can Mr. Wilson say that at the last Hemingway's hero is "sustained by nothing but the memory of his grandfather's record as a soldier in the American Civil War"? In his last soliloquy, as he faces the fascists and certain death, Jordan comforts himself: "I have fought for what I believed in for a year now. If we win here we will win everywhere. The world is a fine place and worth the fighting for." And again, "If this attack is no good, another one will be." And again, "But later on we will have these things much better organized."

"What I believed in" was never communism and the party line, but, simply and clearly, "liberty and dignity and the rights of all men to work and not be hungry."

Communist praise of the Hemingway of "To Have and Have Not" and "The Fifth Column," and Communist abuse of his latest book, if they are stupid enough to indulge in it, are beside the point. They demonstrate neither that Hemingway was a fellow traveler in his earlier books nor that he is out now to set the Communists down.

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It would be a great pity if Mr. Wilson too fell victim to the worst effect of the Communist vogue of the 1930's—a reaction just as distorting as the original afflatus. I don't believe he will. The Communists are bad enough—witness their mischievous and dangerous campaign to throw the election to Willkie, reminding us of their collaboration with early Nazism in Germany. And for all I know, they may deserve condemnation for the net result of their limited intervention in Spain. But Hemingway in his latest book doesn't say so.

Los Gatos, Cal. GEORGE P. WEST

Raw Materials After the War

SIR: In The New Republic of October 28 Julian Huxley outlines a plan for the reorganization of Europe after the war. It is all based on his statement that "The present British control of raw materials and shipping should be retained." He should tell us—no one in this country knows—how a continuation of that control will avoid the same results Europe is now experiencing.

Ruby, Wash. C. E. PAYNE

[Mr. Payne misread Mr. Huxley on this important point. The article ("Britain's War Aims") proposed that raw materials and shipping be controlled, not privately but by an intergovernmental commission. "The Board should be as universal as possible—an international club open to any nation willing to abide by the simple rules which would be laid down." – THE EDITORS]

Subway Night: London

[We print below an extract from a private letter which has just come in from a London resident. – THE EDITORS]

One night we spent in the Tube with Kirkie, the Irishwoman whose house has lost all its windows and the front door. It was frightfully funny. We took two cushions each and a blanket and Kirkie a large basket with coffee in a thermos and sandwiches. We had to go at 6 P.M. to get a place at all, so it was a long night. Crowds of people were there before us; families settled down on the platform, wives with books and knitting, children playing with toys, husbands with playing cards, etc. We had great difficulty in finding any space, but settled down at last on the cold ground. No back, and not enough space to lie full length. I had a Belgian refugee on one side of me and a man with a dog on the other, and someone else's boots in my face most of the night. An interesting man with a red-haired wife close by to whom I talked and who told me most interesting things about his job, which had to do with evacuation. I managed to lie down a little, rather curled up, so got some sleep during the night, but poor Kirkie was too stiff to do anything but sit straight up all night. Everybody snored in different keys and the heat became awful as time went on.

At 5 A.M. Kirkie said: "I can't stand this any longer; I would rather be bombed." So we arose and I rolled up our blankets as best I could, very loosely, because I had no space to spread them out. My heart sank when I observed the hundreds and hundreds of people between us and the escalator (which was not running), and then Kirkie began, the blankets in one hand, the basket in the other, high-stepping over sleeping forms and arms and legs. I was in such fits of laughter I could hardly continue and then Kirkie tripped over somebody's legs and she fell right over onto a sea of bodies, her blankets hitting people on one side and the basket whipping into somebody's face on the other. By the time everything had arranged itself I was nearly in hysterics, and on we went again continuing our ghastly pilgrimage. The All Clear went at 6 A.M. and we went to bed and slept till 9.

You would be astonished at the calm way everybody takes things—nobody pays any attention. The ones who can go to shelters do so, and the rest stay in their houses and hope for the best. It seems very odd to walk down Oxford Street or King's Road and suddenly meet a notice, "Unexploded Bomb." Then you just make a detour through side streets. The papers have mentioned John Lewis and Peter Robinson [department stores] as now no more, so the censor will not mind my saying that Oxford Circus looks very odd.

London. LOUISE GRIFFIN

From The New Republic Mail Bag

So many of the younger men who send us manuscripts want to write sketches (good work, but suited to The New Yorker rather than The New Republic), that a reasoned argument, in the form of a letter from a man just out of college, Brooks Jenkins, of Washington, D. C., was received as news and read around the office. Mr. Jenkins wrote about Sidney Hook's reply [The New Republic, October 28]. Like Professor Adler, Mr. Jenkins feels that college education has been unsatisfactory to most younger college men and women, but he does not make the easy excuse of blaming the professors. His point is that higher education has been a refuge from reality, partly because "young people themselves have encouraged a superstition that college supplies the lucky or the provident with a safe refuge from the ills of the world," but mainly because "the fears and doubts of an older, property-owning generation encouraged the young to postpone participation in the world's troubles. Neither the students nor their elders have profited by this separation from the money-earning economy."

Professor Hook's article was praised by a number of readers; Professor Adler's position was defended by none (who troubled to write). M. C. Otto, of Madison, Wisconsin, thinks the Adler paper "incredible." . . . Frank A. Manny, of Winter Park, Florida, points out that "there is one aspect of the subject which Mr. Adler seems to neglect in his latest pronouncements: the facts regarding the large section of schools in America which are now based upon the principles which he and Mr. Hutchins would require for all public and private education—the parochial schools."

Among the people who can and do write reasoned arguments to us, list the lawyers. The briefs on that editorial paragraph "Georgia Justice" (November 4) still come in. D. F. McClatchey, of Atlanta, counsel in one of the cases discussed, sends us a friendly letter (the fourth interpretation of the cases we have received to date, and the most convincing). "The Hearst case was decided against the worker, but the decision was upon the merits and did not involve the matter of procedure which you mention. The O'Jay case was decided in favor of the worker. The procedural point involved in the O'Jay case was of no importance. . . . The facts in the two cases were not alike; the results reached were not alike, and do not conflict with each other." If we were unfair to the Georgia courts—our apologies. With our readers' permission, we shall *not* ask our lawyer for a brief.

If you have a spare dollar or two: The IWW sends money at Christmas to workers in prison, who are given special permission to buy towels, candy and other small comforts, and sends money also to their dependents. Address: General Defense Committee, P. O. Box 211, Station D, New York City.

If you have a spare rifle, shotgun, pair of binoculars or box of revolver ammunition or spare cash: The American Committee for Defense of British Homes reports that there is no feeling in England that the danger of invasion is over. Communicate with the Committee at 10 Warren Street, New York City.

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Books in Review

Hitler in Latin America[1]

IT BEGINS by an imaginative memorandum to der Führer, written as if by an agent of his, telling him how easy it would be for him to conquer Latin America without sending a single landing party or bomber to the Western Hemisphere. This done, the memorandum instructs him how to bring the United States into vassalage by similar means. So cogent is the authors' logic that their presentation is enough to shock the reader into a malarial ague. Fortunately, the second part of the volume prescribes the requisite dose of quinine. But at the end the reader is likely still to shiver a little at the fear that our tradition-minded reactionaries will prevent us from taking the medicine.

The opportunity open to Hitler has many times been described, but seldom have so many relevant facts been marshaled or the probable method of procedure been outlined in such detail.

Cultivated Latin Americans regard us as vulgar dollar-chasers, and look rather to Europe for intellectual leadership and prestige values. There are large colonies of Germans and Italians who act as Nazi and Fascist agents, while the prevailing heritage of Spanish blood opens a pathway for the influence of Franco's Spain. The masses of the population are too poor to be very loyal to the principles of democracy. These nations are dependent on foreign markets for selling their main products—and their largest markets lie in Europe. At present they are much distressed by the piling up of unexportable surpluses. They are conscious that in some of the products most important to them, such as wheat and meat, we are competitors rather than customers.

If Hitler wins the war and controls Europe he can exploit this situation by acting with his usual vigor and daring. He can offer to buy all the exportable goods of the Latin Americans, at what look like high prices. In exchange for this relief he can impose his usual conditions—that the nations concerned follow his political line at home and abroad. With the productive resources of Europe at his disposal, he can supply most of the Latin American wants by a barter process. All this, accompanied by political and cultural penetration, boycott of those who refuse to be compliant, the aid of the Catholic Church on the one hand and the Communists on the other, ruinous competition to American-owned airlines and other business ventures, favors showered on the press and influential politicians, and military advice from an army with the prestige of victory, would win the southern continent without the striking of a blow. If the United States intervened with force, either on behalf of a recalcitrant nation or in its own interest, the Colossus of the North would be branded as the aggressor and the fascist conquest would be more secure than ever.

Once this penetration were successful, the Nazis, with the aid of a Japanese-controlled Far East, could deprive this nation of rubber, tin, quinine, coffee, manila fiber and the minerals that we do not produce. Though relatively small in quantity and value, these are imports which it would be most inconvenient to do without in both civilian and war industry. Our exports would be denied an outlet. Many of our business and financial interests, already inclined to appeasement, would accept what they would regard as the inevitable. We should be offered a chance to trade—as long as we would be good. That would give Hitler time to proceed with the cultural and political conquest of this country.

To prevent all this we shall have to act with as much boldness, decision and attention to detail as the Germans can muster. We must take advantage of the fundamental totalitarian weaknesses—which are that the Nazis regard themselves as a superior race, born to exploit others but not to share prosperity and power, and that their word cannot be trusted. The Latin Americans have already experienced the disadvantages of Nazi barter—that prices can be rigged against them, once the agreement is made, and that the purchaser can force upon them in payment goods they do not want, while selling their own exports to others at prices which preclude competition by themselves. The Germans certainly will not help South America to build up its own industries but will exploit it merely as a source of raw materials—and only so long as its exports are needed. After Hitler has organized his future conquest of the Ukraine and Africa, he can tell Latin America to go hang.

Our line should be to raise the level of living of the Latin Americans in order to render them economically independent and truly prosperous. This will require loans to help them build the manufacturing industries and transportation facilities that they require, investments satisfied with a moderate return and shared as to control with native business men, the development of mineral and other resources which we can buy from them in larger quantities, relief for their unexportable surpluses, together with advice and help in reducing agricultural overproduction. We shall have to use methods of intercourse, both commercial and cultural, which take account of Latin temperament and customs. All this and more the book specifies in realistic detail. The time to act is now, while the British blockade still makes it possible.

The main adverse criticism to be made of this stirring treatise is that it concentrates too exclusively on the Latin American problem. We ought to do this sort of thing, but we ought to do it on a scale which includes the whole non-totalitarian world. It would be a gigantic mistake to exclude China, Australia, New Zealand, and Britain herself. If the democratic nations can be economically organized as a whole, for a rising standard of living as well as for adequate defense, the war itself can be won and its military aspect can be minimized. But more of that later.

GEORGE SOULE

[1] Total Defense, by Clark Foreman and Joan Raushenbush. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc. 251 pages. $1.25.

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Mme. Jeremiah

Make Bright the Arrows, 1940 Notebook, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Harper and Brothers. 65 pages. $1.75.

THE SUBTITLE of this thin collection: "1940 Notebook," might disarm the critic, but the fact that Miss Millay has permitted these verse commentaries on current history to appear between boards indicates that she believes in their permanent validity. This belief one must regretfully decline to share. It is all but inevitable in these times that the most retired and personal of poets should feel compelled to speak about matters of public concern. Our privacy has been so deeply invaded that if we are not silenced, we must cry out. But the more responsive and responsible the poet, the more thwarted he is by the competition of the scarehead writer, the campaign manager, the radio announcer advertising headache powders, political panaceas and disasters dazzling and fresh as blood. Miss Millay, though obviously a private poet, is unembarrassed by her situation. She has not merely the courage of her convictions, but a conviction of courage, and she speaks with a self-assurance as remarkable as it is misplaced.

A true lyricism, a gift for the cogent epithet, employed to communicate delight in the sensual world, to inveigh hotly against death, or to elegize upon the failure of love, have long been the distinguishing traits of her verse. But when she turns to political themes, the gay impudence of her girlhood, the sensitive curiosity of her more mature work, are lost in the shriek of a helplessly angry woman. The book is prefaced by a lyric, based on a passage from Jeremiah, which gives its title to the collection. But here is a Jeremiah feminized and shrill, and the quaint imagery merely gives an antique patina to a piece that should be as contemporary as a tracer bullet. Except for a few of the sonnets with which the volume concludes, the more conventional verses are written in a kind of poetic journalese that sounds as little like the voice of Miss Millay as it does like that of the Hebrew prophet. A number of pieces are written in an attempt at a more modern, conversational style, the effect of which is faintly Audenesque, with a dash of Ogden Nash, though the poet is neither so penetrating as the one nor so witty as the other. Neither of them would ask such lines as these to be taken seriously:

> . . . the shrieking plea
> For help, of stabbed Democracy.
>
> All this forgotten, or deferred.
> At least until there's time for strife
> Concerning things less dear than Life.

Nor is it credible that Miss Millay should have confided even to a notebook, much less published, an apostrophe to Jesus which makes Him look like a tinsel figure or a sweaty football hero:

> . . . you were wonderful—
> Oh, you were shiny!

It is the very significance of her subject matter, and the proclaimed intensity of her feeling (witness the statement: "Lines Written in Passion and in Deep Concern for England, France and My Own Country"), that bring out her inadequacy to manage either. Few poets can hope to do more now than scribble Jeremiads in notebooks; but all who are honest with themselves and their public will admit that hysteria is *ersatz* prophecy, and notes a poor substitute for poetry.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

H. G. Wells in Our Time

Babes in the Darkling Wood, by H. G. Wells. New York: Alliance Book Corporation. 425 pages. $2.75.
The New World Order, by H. G. Wells. New York: Knopf. $1.50.

"BABES IN THE DARKLING WOOD" is bound to be a battlefield between Mr. Wells's insistence that a novel is what he wants to make it and the critic's protest against accepting it as such unless the author's brilliance makes it so. "Varieties of fiction . . . interbreed as shamelessly as dogs," Mr. Wells insists in a defensive introduction, endowing fiction with a promiscuous nature as airily as though his own shamelessness had nothing whatever to do with the union. And citing the Socratic Dialogue, the Book of Job, Bernard Shaw and other worthy institutions as forerunners in a great tradition, he begins "the most comprehensive and ambitious dialogue novel I have ever attempted."

Most of the dialogue is between the lovers, Gemini and Stella, barely out of their teens, intensely thoughtful, and heavy with the woes of a dissolute world. They sneak ten days to live in sin in a quiet cottage, where they review the decadence of existing institutions. The academic structure of the universities, the Church of England, Marxism, the class system, schools of psychology, the relation between sex and politics—these are all gone over and generally well spanked, sometimes with the assistance of visitors to the cottage, who are routed in their attempts to defend the old social order. When at last the lovers' happiness is destroyed by the arrival of their indignant parents, they have at least managed to dispose of the last vestiges of dated thinking and are ready to go out and find a new faith. Gemini thought it might be found in Russia, but his journey there was brought to a sharp stop in Poland, where he met the horrors of living among refugees in a newly invaded country. Shell-shocked and impotent, he is brought back to England, where the novel psychotherapy of Stella's uncle simultaneously restores his sanity and develops his new doctrine of life.

This doctrine is the brain child of no single faith. It draws on Stuart Chase to sweep confusions away and ensure the reader's weighing the values of each definition. Alfred Adler's broad definition: "To be a human being is to feel oneself inferior," and his theory of the struggle of man to compensate for this inferiority feeling, are accepted as most nearly the prime motives of human activity. Freud's theories of sexual drives are included as a sort of auxiliary motor, while the behaviorists, Pavlov and Watson, are employed to frame the whole structure and show man as a collection of variegated drives and conceptions, struggling to effect their synthesis. (Any one of the great psychologists mentioned here would shriek with horror at the idea of his pet theories being blended with his rivals' heresies.

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Mr. Wells, however, proceeds with an amusing and complete disregard in this respect.) The whole strange assemblage is finally moved toward the famous Wellsian dream of a synthesis of the world mind, a University of the World, an Encyclopedia of World Knowledge. The attainment of these aims will be preceded by a world free of borders and tariffs, made possible by an international police force which will give time to the thinkers to get started on their framing of a new world. Future progress can be assured only by an awakened social interest based on greater learning (Stalin is the bigot he is only because he never had time to read the right books), while to see capitalist economy as a basic evil is to confuse a nineteenth-century symptom with the ageless disease of selfish ignorance.

It is hard for a reader to absorb this immense dialogue when it falls from the mouths of shadowy characters who must simultaneously go through the motions of first love, sexual passion and everyday living. These people and their thoughts are forever tripping over one another's feet, wearying the reader with a mixture of antagonistic interests. Mr. Wells feels he is expanding the frame of the novel by using it for his message; his readers are likely to feel he is cramping his own values as a theoretician by insisting on the novel-form. For there are real values here, untested and involved, but backed with immense good will and enthusiasm, plus the insistence that no moment be lost, war or no war, in preparing the basis of a new world. If the periods of dullness are painful to the reader and wrecking to the novel, the comments on contemporary thinking and academic instruction are thoroughly stimulating. One fears to imagine the wide margins of this book after it has been in the hands of Mortimer Adler.

"The New World Order" is an even clearer index to the real feelings and aims of the author. Where the novel was devoted primarily to the intellectual's search for a new approach to a new world, this short book is a sketch of the collectivized, socialistic life that must follow the end of the war. But beneath the many plans and proposals, one feels principally Wells's bitter impatience with people who seek to adhere to dogmatic principles. He detests dogma and lumps its victims together enthusiastically and often unreasoningly: "Marxism with its class-war dogma, which has done more to misdirect and sterilize human good will than any other misconception of reality that has ever stultified human effort . . ." side by side with the Catholic priest's "pious uncleanliness"; and the American politicians: "lumpish, solemnly cunning . . . with their great strong jowls developed by chewing gum and orotund speaking, whose photographs add a real element of frightfulness to the pages of Time." It is still the thinking people on whom he relies for his revolution, dismissing impatiently "the workers and peasants of Oxford" who believe the common people can wrest and keep power from the hands of an oligarchy. His suspicion of the old order is fundamental, but he will accept much from its followers that shows any tendency toward a new spirit in the world. Such tendencies are part of what he believes to be a general awakening, and so he insists that "The wise man . . . will not set his heart upon any particular drift or combination. He will favor everything that trends toward the end at which he aims."

NIGEL DENNIS

Marxism and Democracy

Reason, Social Myths and Democracy, by Sidney Hook. New York: John Day Company. 314 pages. $3.

IT IS ALWAYS a little risky for a writer to gather in one volume a group of essays written under miscellaneous circumstances, in diverse contexts and at different dates. The whole may turn out to be simply the sum of its parts, or the parts may not add up to a sum at all. Professor Sidney Hook has incurred just this risk and gives evidence of having been aware of it. For he makes a point of organizing the separate papers into a unity by the sequence in which he places them and the transitions he provides. His book has, however, more than this *ad-hoc* unity. It reveals the consistent (though flexible) point of view of one of the most incisive and provocative minds in contemporary social philosophy. It constitutes the credo of a thinker who has felt deeply about his central reliance and faith: democracy. But it is the credo of one who has done more than feel deeply about it. He has here articulated with great exactness and circumspection a faith in democracy social in its ends and, necessarily, scientific in its methods.

Mr. Hook's thesis is indicated in his title, "Reason, Social Myths and Democracy." Democracy, in his carefully considered and informed judgment, functions only when it is reasonable. Reasonableness in democracy means the employment of scientific methods for scientifically verifiable social ends. Democracy in its functioning is hampered at once by external enemies, at war with its temper, its direction and its achievements, and by internal hindrances. It is qualified by economic corruptions of its political form of "government by consent of the governed," by lack of public information, by corrupted sources of information, by lack of the conditions in industry and in education of intellectual freedom and genuine choice. Democracy is hindered, too, and perhaps above all, by the operation of irrational myths, by idolatries of the Right and the Left. It is upon the functioning of democracy through responsible scientific method, and only thereby, and upon the dangers and deceptions of social myths, both of the Right and the Left, that this book is sharply and informatively focused. It is a salutary contribution toward the turning of democracy from a dream shibboleth into a working hypothesis; in other words, a vital rather than a merely verbal ideal.

Mr. Hook makes it quite clear early in his volume that he believes scientific method, the use of experimental hypothesis, is essential if the plural values and intrinsic dignity of its members is to be observed. He makes it quite clear, too, that democracy must be completely socialized and that Marxism, once thought to be a solution, is, in its current formulations neither scientific nor democratic. Not the least interesting part of this volume is the attempt to assess, in the terms of the title of one of the essays, "What Is Living and What Is Dead in Marxism." What Mr. Hook finds still to be living I take to be chiefly the original Marxist critique of the capitalist economy. What is dead and also a dead obstructive hand is the metaphysical heritage of Marxism, its "dialectic of nature and of history," its narrow *economicism* of interpretation, and its misconception of political methods which have, as in Russia, achieved only a bureaucratic tyranny instead of a coöperative commonwealth.

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What is living? "There is," writes Mr. Hook, "a living kernel in the thought it (Marxism) failed to develop. As a program of scientific activity in behalf of socialist ideals, fortified by the lessons of experience, rearmed with deeper moral and psychological insights, and prepared to learn what it really means to be scientific, these ideas still constitute a promising social philosophy. . . . If a 'Marxist' movement as here understood, *i. e.*, an organized activity to achieve, by applied intelligence, economic security, political freedom and opportunities for cultural development in an essentially socialized economy, does not arise, then we must conclude that democracy as a way of life is incompatible with the structure of modern economy" (p. 141).

But the kernel of Marxism seems to lie, according to Professor Hook himself, in a dialectic of nature, history and method which he cogently dismisses. The terms of this dialectic became, in turn, the terms, as Professor Hook points out in another essay, of "obscurantist science." He himself puts Marxist in quotation marks when he describes his own creed of scientifically implemented democracy. Mr. Hook's own book does yeoman's work in pointing out the obscurities and tyrannies to which adherence to Marxist terminology has led, and to which it still leads. Is he himself not really adhering only to those social ideals, mentioned in the above quotation, to which he once thought Marxism was the avenue? His own pieties to his own intellectual past lead him to be a little too tender to a set of ideas which are irrelevant to the terms of his own more independent and fruitful analysis. This is to be found in his telling essay on "Abstractions in Social Inquiry," in which he indicates the conditions of a "directed transformation of things," including those things we call social. "The starting point of social theory," as he there says, "would be specific social problems, not the construction of systems," and "all social ideals and philosophies which are not rhetorical devices to keep men in ignorance or subjection are to be understood as proposed ways of action, and judged like other plans by their consequences, their costs and their achievements."

Mr. Hook is, in fact, at his best when, in dealing with Marxist or other ideas, he shows the limits or obstructions to scientific methods which narrowness or rhetoric imposes upon them. He points out neatly the limitations of a too organizational emphasis, as in Thurman Arnold, a too purely "sociological" one as in Max Lerner, or a too (very much too) mystery-and-miracle emphasis in Jacques Maritain. Mr. Hook's essay on the "Integral Humanism" of M. Maritain is particularly recommended as an example of the way in which Mr. Hook can at once present a theory in terms of its own intentions, and yet exhibit it critically as a denigration of that scientific method which is, for him, first and last, the only resource of democracy.

For the method of science is the method of intelligence, and as Mr. Hook eloquently, sensibly and repeatedly points out, that method is the sole possible instrument of a democratic society: "It cuts under the fanaticism which makes a fetish of ends by stressing the conditions and consequences of their use. It both uncovers and enforces responsibilities in social life. It and it alone can distinguish between conflicts which are negotiable and those which are irreconcilable, and the degree of each. Where conflicts are negotiable, it approaches social problems as difficulties to be solved by ex-

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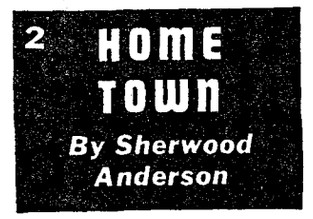

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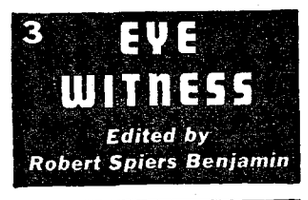

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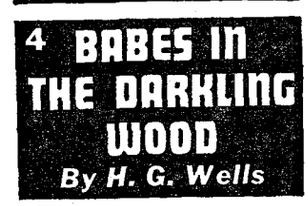

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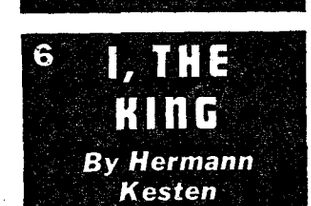

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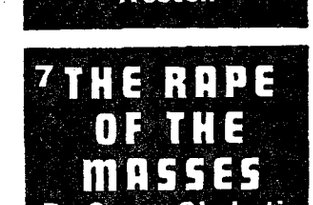

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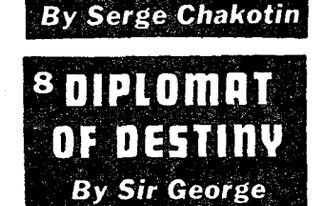

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periment and analysis, not in the heat of blood lust." The greater the diversity of interests which democracy encourages, "the more necessary the function of intelligence to mediate, integrate and harmonize."

Mr. Hook ought to stop tilting so valiantly and effectively against vanishing windmills, or windmills not destructible by argument. He should carry forward, as he here so ably begins, his own analysis of the logic of democracy and its empirical salvation.

IRWIN EDMAN

Two Westerns

The Ox-Bow Incident, by Walter Van Tilburg Clark. New York: Random House. 309 pages. $2.
The Longest Rope, by D. F. Baber. Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers, Ltd. 320 pages. $3.50.

USING a story and background that at times spill over into the familiar mold of the pulp Western, "The Ox-Bow Incident" still holds up as a troubling and effective story of mob injustice. A large part of this effectiveness comes from the surprising discovery that the sources of human conduct are here being revealed through just the lean materials that are usually associated with the simple action thriller. Like this: it is a pleasant spring day fifty or sixty years ago and a couple of cowboys ride in off the winter range for a go at the limited pleasures of a one-street, one-saloon cow town. They find an atmosphere of suspicion and forced friendliness, but one word explains that—rustling. It seems there's been a lot of it lately. There is some gambling, some drinking, a fist fight. Then the news comes in that the rustlers have just driven off another herd and killed a cowboy named Kinkaid, everybody's favorite. All this is told well enough, but you're wondering guiltily if you shouldn't be reading something you can talk about to your friends, and you half expect someone to drawl, "When you say that, SMILE!" when the book suddenly takes hold.

Not because of the story alone, which gets on with an illegal posse in pursuit of the rustlers, the hanging of three innocent suspects, and the discovery that the report was all wrong in the first place. The important thing now, the crux of the whole novel, is the debate woven into the narrative that examines the whole question of mob action as opposed to legal justice, first in general terms then in those of the specific situation. There is something absolutely absorbing in the futile effort of Davies, the little merchant, to turn the tide of violence, as he bruises himself first against the vague compulsions that move the crowd, then against the sharply differing sadisms of its leaders, and finally against his own incapacity for really decisive action.

More than anything else, it can fairly be said, "The Ox-Bow Incident" is a triumph of restraint and workmanship. Except for brief lapses, and an unhinged scene or two that clutter the otherwise well paced narrative, this is a novel that repays study. The tenseness that builds and eddies and comes back stronger is beautifully geared to the temper of each central character and the shifting emotions of the mob, as doubt, anger, stubbornness, physical cold, pity and revulsion hold them in turn. There is not a completely drawn character in the book; there is only enough of each one to satisfy the needs of this particular situation. But as

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you read it, it seems to be sufficient; so that at the end, the forces, even the intangible ones, that led to the lynching, seem fully as understandable and logical as those made to explain the lynching, say, in Caldwell's "Trouble in July."

Staying in roughly the same country and within the same period, but leaving fiction for a look at history, there is "The Longest Rope," which describes the Johnson County (Wyoming) Cattle War of 1892. It is the latest on the long and fascinating list of books from the Caxton Printers, Ltd., which in sum gives us the truest picture we have of the Old West. This conflict was a small part of the civil war that raged between cattlemen and homesteaders and ended with the passing of the open range and the type of cowboy still dear to movie audiences. The powerful rancher-barons, Americans all, finally resorted to hiring gangs of killers, who combed the country systematically, lynching and shooting down isolated settlers. In this instance, the settlers banded together and cornered the paid killers, only to see them set free after a farcical trial. While the government was urging the settlers to Go West, the big cattlemen's money had fouled up the sympathies of sheriffs, army-post commanders, the Governor of Wyoming and a couple of United States Senators—who happened also to be cattlemen. The Winning of the West, for the small settler, meant winning it from the landed barons, the government *and* the Indians.

MAX GISSEN

Making France Safe for Fascism

Suicide of a Democracy, by Heinz Pol. Translated by Heinz and Ruth Norden. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 296 pages. $2.50.

AMONG the few books yet written about the fall of France, Mr. Pol's study stands out for the abundance of his material and the unbiased way in which the author has handled it.

Living in Paris as a journalist, Mr. Pol had unusual sources of information and was able to watch closely the activities of the men who ran the nation into Hitler's hands. The book does a good deal to explain the completion of the French collapse. It is the story of the growth of fascism under the protection and with the coöperation of the big business men, who long after the outbreak of the war were still trading with Germany; of undermining and sabotage by those who were supposed to make France safe; of a people compelled to fight with insufficient weapons an enemy to whom the government and the army officials had long ago deserted.

Mr. Pol stresses the fact that, although the Popular Front government of Léon Blum is not, for all its weaknesses, solely to blame for the defeat of France, as many people will now have it, the causes of the disaster should be traced as far back as 1936, when the German army reoccupied the Rhineland and when France played the non-intervention game in the Spanish civil war. Mr. Pol should remember, however, that Hitler had been allowed to rearm long before that, because a strong Germany was believed by the French to be a "bulwark" against communism, and that the real fifth column had gone into action even before its name had been found.

KLAUS LAMBRECHT

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The Boarding House

The Family, by Nina Fedorova. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication. 346 pages. $2.50.

AT THIS MOMENT when we are waking up to the fact that we should revolt rather than endure, and fight rather than pray, "The Family," with its spirit of patience and gentleness, seems as beautiful and useless as the star on top of a Christmas tree. The members of the family, White Russian and of noble descent, have gone through hunger, illness and poverty. The modest boarding house which they maintain in the British concession of Tientsin, China, scarcely provides for their food. They work hard, economize and endure the anguish of the Japanese invasion, taking it all with Christian, self-sacrificing tenderness, perfectly confident in a world which is about to collapse over their heads.

This novel, which has won a $10,000 prize offered by the Atlantic Monthly Press, is as admirable as it is disconcerting, especially since it comes from a writer who has strength, a keen, positive power of observation, and a remarkable gift for narration and dramatic surprises. The boarding house contains a world in miniature, a microcosm of eccentricity, ambition, failure, hope, virtue and viciousness. There are people of all creeds, nationalities and temperaments. They come and go, becoming members of the family as long as they live under its roof. Each one of them is made real, caught in lucid, poignant descriptions which have a Shavian quality. Each one reflects an aspect of human confusion. Mme. Klimova believes that a Japanese victory will restore the splendor of Old Russia. Professor Chernov, on the brink of insanity, tries to save the world by writing humanitarian letters to Roosevelt and Mussolini. Mrs. Parrish, British, wealthy and aimless, drowns her inefficiency in whiskey. Within this turmoil of mental confusion the members of the family pray and endure. We hope vainly that they may swear, or throw tea cups. Their infinitely patient kindness, which the author sees as a solution to our problems, seems like a Sunday-school sermon in the midst of a battle.

MARIANNE HAUSER

Contributors

ALAN BARTH, formerly a Texas newspaperman, is now a Washington correspondent for the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE's last novel was "Hannibal Hooker." His next, which deals with a maritime subject, will be published in the spring.

VALENTINE ACKLAND, an English poet, lives in a village frequently visited by German raiders.

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN, one of The New Republic's contributing editors, is a widely known writer and lecturer and a member of the faculty of the New York School of Social Work.

IRWIN ROSS is a recent graduate of Harvard, where he edited The Harvard Progressive.

J. V. HEALY lives on the Maine coast. His book reviews and verse have been published in The Saturday Review of Literature, Poetry and other magazines.

BABETTE DEUTSCH has written a number of books of poetry, the most recent of which is "One Part Love." Her latest work, "Heroes of the Kalevala," retells Finnish sagas in prose for boys and girls.

NIGEL DENNIS has recently joined the staff of The New Republic. He was formerly editor of The National Board of Review Magazine.

IRWIN EDMAN is professor of Philosophy at Columbia University and the author of many books and articles, the most recent of which is "Candle in the Dark, a Postscript to Despair."

MAX GISSEN left a Vermont law office five years ago to become a free-lance writer and editor. He was formerly editor of Teachers' Guide.

KLAUS LAMBRECHT, writer and literary critic, has worked in France as correspondent for Swiss newspapers. He has also translated a number of American best-sellers into German for Swiss publications.

MARIANNE HAUSER, a native of Alsace, has contributed articles and reviews to periodicals in this country and in Switzerland.

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